



A true line needs no lash

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Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

Rank And File Horse Owner Benefits But Little In Profits Being Made In Racing

Recently some comments were passed in this department upon the immense takings that were now the rule with racing associations and the very meager way in which the men who "put on the show" are, in comparison, being remunerated.

It is very seldom nowadays that an association, after paying all purses and stakes, the taxes demanded by the politicians, and all other "running expenses," is not also paying a very juicy dividend to the owners and stockholders.

What this dividend is remains for the most part undissemated in the public prints. It being not considered good policy to parade it too proudly.

But now and then the exultation cannot be suppressed, the glee is so expansive that it must make itself known to all and sundry.

As a case in point, attention was called to a track management that had just declared a dividend of no less than 35 per cent.

On top of which it was also announced that its plant, a very pretentious one, which has been operating but three years, has already paid for itself.

Its cost, by the way, was announced at the time it was "added to the map", as a million and a half dollars.

When we recall that many great industrial concerns are being obliged to run their businesses upon so small a margin of profit that, in proportion to the volume of business done, and the margin necessary for economic safety, their surplus is almost dangerously small, the contrast is, to say the least, striking.

It should also be borne in mind
Continued on Page Five

A. H. S. A. Meeting To Be Held January 9 In New York City

The annual meeting of the American Horse Shows Association, Inc., will be held on January 9, 1942, at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, New York. The arrangements of the meeting will be as follows: Board of Directors 10 a. m., Annual Meeting of Delegates 11:30 a. m., luncheon 1:30 p. m.

Adrian Van Sinderen, president, writes: "We face critical times; the sport of showing horses can continue successfully only through cooperation."
Continued On Page Five

Chicago Opens International Livestock Show

Open Jumping Features Horse Show With Mrs. Sherman's Cuchulain Going Clean

BY DOROTHY SCOTT

The opening performances of the Horse Show at the International Live Stock Exposition, in current session in the great International Amphitheatre, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill., are always devoted to classes for local exhibitors. The competition is almost always as keen as in the open classes, and this year is no exception. The first jumping class of the show was held Saturday night and was a performance class for local hunters and jumpers.

Six horses went clean, Mrs. Grace P. Sherman's **Cuchulain**, Stanley Luke's **Bar Baffling**, John McGuire's **Emperor**, Ted Mohlman's **Shadrach**, Mrs. A. C. Thompson's **Grey Wolf**, and Elston Stable's **Magnolia**. Mrs. Sherman took **Cuchulain** around the second time over the raised jumps in the only clean performance in the jump off to win the class handily. **Magnolia** took 2nd, Eddie Bruhn took 3rd on **Grey Wolf** and **Bar Baffling**, in a jump-off for 4th, nosed out John McGuire on his **Emperor** in a toss after equal performances.

Saturday night, November 29, was reunion night for the exhibitors and a great many regulars were
Continued on Page Five

Camden's New Master Plans For Carolina Winter Activities

J. North Fletcher, recently elected master of Camden Hounds (see Camden hunting notes), recently returned from Camden, S. C., and advised The Chronicle of plans for the coming winter season in the Carolinas. According to Mr. Fletcher, the best season in years is anticipated, with many owners preparing to ship south for the winter months. Mr. Fletcher conferred with Harry Kirkover, chairman of The Carolina Cup Hunt meeting, and dynamic leader of Camden's equine activities, having planned and laid out the famous Springdale courses.

The Camden calendar includes the first recognized horse show of the 1942 season. The Virginians Horse Show, to be held on February 20 and 21, here-to-fore, but a one day affair, will have an increased program of classes, stressing the young hunter and working hunter divisions, that the fixture will fill two full days. A polo game is scheduled for the following Sunday and on Monday, February 23, the annual Camden Hunt Hunter Trials will take place.

Mr. Fletcher, who is shipping his string of 16 horses, which include many young and suitable hunters, to his now famed "Fletcher's Lot" Stable, adjacent to the Springdale Course, is awaiting the announcement of the Southern Pines (N. C.) Horse Show date. A Camden schooling show will then be carded, for those Camden horses headed for Southern Pines. It is the intentions of the horse show contingent in the Carolinas to work up a Carolina circuit.

Three Packs And 5 Hunts Hold Joint Meet On Week-End In Rombout Country

BY DENMAN

The sound of the Horn carried across the bottom. A hound spoke slow—trying. Then another and another, working at it. Discouraging business for hounds, with no real rain in weeks—and so little satisfaction.

It was warm and bright, too bright really for good hunting but a day perfect for the artist. On the hill opposite, with the Dutchess County landscape in all its hunting color as a background, the Field was still; waiting, listening, watching. A gray horse here and there, the pink of a coat, the gleam of a boot, the sparkle of a spur, white breeches against a bay; what a picture of peace and sport at its best. Surely of all recreations, there can be none that

offers to all the senses so much as Hunting the Fox.

This was the first day of a Hunting Holiday. Members of five hunts had assembled. Three packs were quartered in kennels. Sitting on that slope, we thought back to a late Sunday afternoon in December, it must have been three years ago, when after a real good day, a group of us discussed the possibility of a hunting week end with a visiting pack to hunt alternate days. And of how last year, when the Fairfield and Westchester first had the opportunity to hunt this Rombout country, we missed it.

But the big day had arrived. The home pack had moved off from Mr. Karwasinski's in the middle count.
Continued on Page Sixteen

Mr. Hogan Victor At Rolling Rock Point-To-Point

Ladies Race In First Annual Meeting To Alice Walton Riding Her Gaily Boy

BY LEONARD BUGHMAN

(The Chronicle is extremely pleased to publish the following story from Leonard Bughman, assistant-secretary of Rolling Rock Hunt. Mr. Bughman was an inspirational head of the inaugural point-to-point, and was persuaded to do a rider's report, as the result of a telephone conversation. He finished 2nd.)

What a day! The 1st Annual Point-to-Point Races, held under the auspices of Rolling Rock Hunt for members and followers of western Pennsylvania hunts, were really a great success. About 800 keen ones, ardent hunting and horse lovers, came out to see Miss Alice Walton and her **Gaily Boy** win the ladies' race and Stittler Vipond come up from Frankstown Hunt, down near Altoona, and ride his father's **Mr. Hogan** to victory in the men's race. Both events were run over a course about 3 1-2 miles, taking 10 fences.

The day was overcast with just enough zip in the air. Spectators were getting impatient when finally Huntsman Freddy Hedges, of Rolling Rock Hunt, with the Rolling Rock Hounds, led the five ladies to the post. At the pool dinner the night before at the Rolling Rock club, Molly Hays, M. F. H., of Harts Run Hunt and her **Delaware Boy** were made co-favorites with Alice Walton and her **Gaily Boy**. The morning of the race Molly told the writer that she hoped to let **Gaily Boy** set the pace.

At the start, they were all away well, bunched going into the 1st fence. The girls were really clipping it off, a good pace and going down the hill on the race course there **Delaware Boy** took the lead and increased it by every stride until Molly was a good 10 lengths on top going into the 2nd jump. **Gaily Boy** was 2nd, Posey Boyd up on Evelyn Thompson's **Castleman** was 3rd. Miney McCague riding John Beach's **Martinique** was running 4th and Evelyn Thompson, M. F. H., of Chestnut Ridge Hunt, on **Scattercash** was running last. This was the order as they went across the road and back of the Golden Barn. **Delaware Boy** increased his lead to some 15 lengths.

Molly wasn't riding the race as she had planned it, but at this point
Continued on Page Eleven

The Sporting Calendar

Racing Calendar

DECEMBER
 1-20—Charles Town Jockey Club, Charles Town, W. Va.
 1 for 29 Sundays. Agua Caliente, Baja California Jockey Club, Mexico.
 21-Mar. 16. Santa Anita Park, Los Angeles Turf Club, Arcadia, Cal.
 California Breeders' Champion Stakes, 1 mi., 2-year-olds; Cal. bred, Wed., Dec. 31.
 San Gabriel 'Cap, 6 f., 3 & up; Thurs., Jan. 1 \$10,000 Added
 Santa Susana Stakes, 6 f., 3-year-olds; Sat., Jan. 3 \$10,000 Added
 San Felipe Stakes, 6 f., 3-year-olds and geldings; Sat., Jan. 3 \$10,000 Added
 San Marcos 'Cap, 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up; Sat., Jan. 17 \$25,000 Added
 San Pasqual 'Cap, 7 f., 3-year-olds; Sat., Jan. 24 \$10,000 Added
 Santa Margarita 'Cap, 1 mi., 3 & up, fillies and mares; Sat., Jan. 24 \$10,000 Added
 San Vicente 'Cap, 1 mi., 3-year-olds; Sat., Feb. 7 \$10,000 Added
 Santa Catalina 'Cap, 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up, Cal. bred, Sat., Feb. 14 \$20,000 Added
 San Carlos 'Cap, 7 f., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 21 \$10,000 Added
 Santa Anita Derby, 1 1/4 mi., 2-year-olds; Wed., Feb. 25 \$50,000 Added
 San Antonio 'Cap, 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 28 \$10,000 Added
 Santa Maria Stakes, 3 1/2 f., 2-year-olds, Cal. bred, Wed., Mar. 4 \$10,000 Added
 Santa Anita 'Cap, 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, Sat., Mar. 7 \$100,000 Added
 Santa Barbara Stakes, 3 1/2 f., 2-year-olds, Wed., Mar. 11 \$10,000 Added
 San Juan Capistrano 'Cap, 1 7-16, 3 & up, Sat., Mar. 14 \$50,000 Added
 San Fernando, conditions and dist. to be announced Feb. 22, 3 & up, Wed., Mar. 16 \$10,000 Added
 20-Jan. 13. Tropical Park, Winter Meeting, Gables Racing Assn., Coral Gables, Fla.
 Inaugural Handicap, 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., Dec. 20 \$2,500 Added
 Christmas Handicap, 1 mi. 70 yds., 3 & up, Thurs., Dec. 25 \$2,500 Added
 Key West Handicap, 6 f., 2-year-olds, Sat., Dec. 27 \$2,500 Added
 Orange Bowl Handicap, 3 & up, 1 1-16 mi., Thurs., Jan. 1 \$2,500 Added
 Winter Handicap, 3 & up, 6 f., Sat., Jan. 3 \$2,500 Added
 Defense Handicap, 3 & up, 1 1/4 mi., Sat., Jan. 10 \$3,000 Added
 (All above handicaps overnight)
 25-Feb. 17. Fair Grounds Breeders and Racing Assn.
 Pontchartrain Handicap, Christmas Day, Dec. 25 \$2,500 Added
 (Address all communications to Fair Grounds Race Course, New Orleans, La., Sylvester W. Labrot, Chairman).
JANUARY
 14-Mar. 7. Hialeah Park, Miami Jockey Club, Inc., Miami, Fla.
 Hialeah Park Inaugural Handicap, 6 f., 3 & up, Wed., Jan. 14 (close Nov. 15) \$5,000 Added
 Hialeah Stakes, 6 f., 3-year-olds, Sat., Jan. 17 \$5,000 Added
 Palm Beach Handicap, 7 f., 3 & up, Sat., Jan. 24 \$5,000 Added
 Miami Beach Handicap, 1 1-16 mi., on turf, 3 & up, Sat., Jan. 31 \$5,000 Added
 Bahamas Handicap, 7 f., 3-year-olds, Sat., Feb. 7 \$5,000 Added
 Evening Handicap, 7 f., 3 & up, fillies and mares, Sat., Feb. 14 \$5,000 Added
 McLennan Memorial Handicap, 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 21 (close Nov. 15) \$10,000 Added
 Flamingo Stakes, 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 28 (close Nov. 15) \$25,000 Added
 Black Helen Handicap, 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, fillies and mares, Mon., Mar. 2 (close Nov. 15) \$10,000 Added
 Hialeah Juvenile Stakes, 3 f., 2-year-olds, Sat., Mar. 7 \$5,000 Added
 Widener Handicap, 1 1/4 mi., 3 & up, Sat., Mar. 7 (close Nov. 15) \$50,000 Added
 (Stakes close approximately one week prior to date of running, unless otherwise stated)

Hunter Trial Calendar

FEBRUARY
 23—Camden Hunter Trials, Camden, S. C.

Horse Show Calendar

DECEMBER
 13—Brooklyn, N. Y.
FEBRUARY
 20-21—The Virginians' Horse Show, Camden, S. C.

Fox Hound Trials

DECEMBER
 6-11—East Texas Assn., Boles Field Center, Texas.

Miss Rood Defends Merits Of Hunter Champion Rule

In view of the considerable discussion throughout all horse show circuits during the past year on the pros and cons and advisability of the preliminary classes in conformation hunter championships, The Chronicle takes pleasure in publishing the views of Miss Deborah G. Rood, well known owner-exhibitor. Miss Rood is a member of the board of directors of the American Horse Shows Assn., Inc., and is a member of the hunter committee of this Association. The hunter committee, which is considering changes to the preliminary championship class at this time, (certain members convened last Friday, November 28) include: Henry L. Bell of New York, chairman; Mrs. James H. Van Alen of New York, F. Woodson Hancock, Jr. of Pennsylvania, George Humphrey of Ohio, Manley Carter of Virginia and G. M. Carnochan of New York.

Miss Rood, who was absent in Arizona, at the time of the meeting, submitted the following to the committee, which should be of considerable interest to Chronicle readers:

"I have worked very hard on the progress we have made in regard to the Hunter Championship rules and therefore would like to defend their merits.

"As I outlined at the last meeting, a few years ago, there was no rule to cover hunter championships. A walk-trot-canter class was usually held and at far too many shows very little regard was paid in judging to the horse's record throughout the show. People generally understand the champion to be the horse who has earned the title by being the outstanding winner at that particular show and it became more and more unpopular to have an unexpected horse pinned. This put a bad taste in everyone's mouth and generally hurt the game.

"In one case at that time 'Playman', according to the class specification at Bryn Mawr, was eligible for the middleweight championship, although he had won no ribbons and had actually never completed the course except in the hunt teams.

"He was pinned champion over a horse with 5 blue ribbons by judges whom we all know, admire and like.

"This sort of thing could not continue as exhibitors would have become really disgusted so a group of us spent considerable time trying to compose a rule which would be a step forward.

"The rule we arrived at was as follows: A walk-trot-canter class was to be held, but the judges were to be presented with a card on which the eligible horses appeared in order of their supremacy in points. Points to be given per class with total. Judges were to consider points but were free to use their own discretion in pinning the ribbons.

"This still seems the most reasonable possible rule, but in effect people expected judges to follow the point totals except in cases where points were very close and except in cases where there was some obvious reason in the walk-trot-class for a reversal.

"Judges did not however follow the suggestion of the rule. For example, at Rumson, Woodfellow was about 7 points ahead of Bond Street. Woodfellow hacked well. Bond Street hacked badly. Woodfellow had beaten Bond Street in the model, I believe, and still Bond Street was pin-

ned on top.

"The effects of such reversals was even worse than what had preceded for exhibitors, audience and management were all point conscious and reversals were even more unpopular and detrimental to the shows than ever.

"In an effort to progress again, we produced the present system of preliminary which we felt preserved the best of the old walk-trot proposition. In other words, we did not sacrifice the showmanship of actually having a championship class come into the ring and perform. We did not sacrifice the judges opportunity of seeing horses walk-trot-and-canter before passing final judgment on the horses and soundness could still be determined at the end of the show before pinning the title.

"However, this class merely influenced the points already accumulated by adding additional points. I and many others have recently modified our viewpoint concerning the points, however, and agree that the ribbons in the preliminary, like other hack classes, should count one-half value.

"This, combined with the 'final', would seem to preserve the best of two possible systems. The final, of course, being a straight point proposition such as is used in the open jumper division and in hunter divisions in some southern shows.

"For some reason, a number of judges seem to feel that the 'Final' takes things completely out of their hands but in fact this is impossible for in adding up points accumulated the managements are merely adding up what the judges have done throughout the show.

"A great end has been accomplished, we feel, for everyone knows what to expect in the pinning of the championship and the horse who has actually earned his way at that particular event is it. Open sports and tournaments, of all kinds, award their titles to the fellow who outdoes the others at the moment and why shouldn't this be the case at horse shows?

"I have shown at 41 shows since this rule has been in effect and feel qualified to testify that the unpleasantness and detrimental talk which used to follow championships has almost disappeared except in cases where mistakes are made or where judges use the preliminary to put points where they want them instead of pinning it as an independent hack class.

"It has been suggested that if the preliminary were eliminated it would put a stop to such misuse of the class. However, I think judges who pin the preliminary arbitrarily to add points up would misuse the last class in the show whatever it might be.

"Another very progressive result of the preliminary final system which we did not altogether anticipate has been a very keen rise in the interest of the audience. You now find all sorts of persons keeping score from class to class and really following the show intelligently. This has been so remarkable that I think it is well worth considering before giving up the point system for hunters.

"You will note that the National even printed a score page in its catalogue where points could be marked throughout the show.

"The nature of shows is such that any additional interest of this sort which can be maintained is of great value.

"Since our other meeting, I have talked to over 62 exhibitors personally and found that over 50 are completely in favor of the preliminary

and final, points in preliminary to count 1/2 value. Not one person wanted it to count full value as it now does. The other dozen were in favor of an entirely point system—no preliminary; but absolutely no exhibitor was in favor of going backward to the original walk-trot-canter class, judges to pin ribbons at their own discretion regardless of points and no one favored merely having points on the judges cards, judges to pin the class at their discretion.

"Among these exhibitors, most of whom I saw at the National, some had received your questionnaire and some had not.

"I feel so strongly about this entire matter because I do not feel it should be changed unless we are going to progress to something more satisfactory to exhibitors, managements, audiences and judges. To step backward to something which has been unsatisfactory seems so futile.

"I profess to know how people feel because I run 2 shows and have actually shown at so many shows in recent years. I have made it my business to continually talk to people and draw out their feelings on this particular subject. Even those who will not endorse it, when asked what they would offer instead usually end up saying they guess it is the least of several evils.

"In addition, I think this should be said—any new system is always open to attack and it takes people some time to get used to it. People are getting used to the present rule. There has been great improvement in its workings this year.

"Some say the rule is complicated. The rule itself is embodied in a very few words. The description of eligibility is most complicated but we early learned that every eventually must be covered in this connection.

"Hoping this letter will be thoroughly read aloud at the meeting and that consideration will be given to each point I have brought out in favor of letting the present Hunter Championship Preliminary and Final Rule stand with points modified to 1/2 value in the Preliminary. Rule XIII, Section 10 (c), second sentence, to be corrected to read: 'To be judged as an independent Hunter Under Saddle Class. Judges to give no consideration to total points. Very sincerely, Deborah G. Rood.'

(Editor's Note: The Chronicle would appreciate views and reactions on the above from its readers.)

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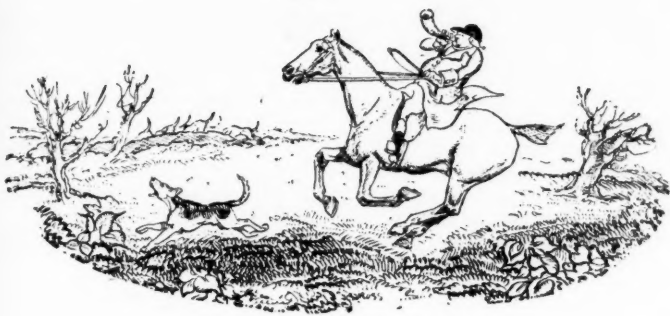
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Hunting Notes:-



Foxhounds In Southern New Jersey Are Disciplined To Be Deer-Proof

BY W. NEWBOLD ELY, M. F. H.

Many hunts who are troubled by deer may be interested in the foxhunting in southern New Jersey.

We all seek to have only "real fox dogs",—i. e. ones which will run only a fox. We properly condemn any entered hound which ever speaks on a rabbit, a squirrel, or,—God forbid,—a cur dog. In fact, we believe that many masters are a bit too lenient about "riot". Too many packs go out and music fills the air when there is no line of a fox. The fields seldom know, but the huntsman does or should. Hounds that are not true should have a few thrashings within an inch of their life, and then if they persist should be hung, or drafted to a drag pack with the proviso that they never be bred. Only in this way can the breed be improved. And in our humble opinion foxhounds are far behind beagles as a whole in hunting ability. Coonhounds on account of what they have to do, and the knowledge of their owners, and the fact that these sportsmen are, and have to be, very particular, are also ahead of foxhounds in their proficiency, and we speak from around twenty five years of hunting the three breeds.

The English being very punctilious in such matters, and with easier facilities for disciplining riot, have developed packs which are remarkably steady on their respective quarries. This is well illustrated, for in-

stance, in the New Forest country in Hampshire. There, within a period of two weeks, we have hunted with the New Forest Foxhounds which would run only fox, the New Forest Beagles which would run only hare, and the New Forest Buckhounds which would run only deer. And all these packs hunted the same identical country.

Now coming back to the foxhunting in southern New Jersey, this section is essentially a deer country. Yet their foxhounds have been so disciplined that they are deer-proof. In fact, there are so many deer that they have to be.

Having foxhounds deer-proof in America is something,—we'll all have to admit. It is accomplished by a combination of punishment and culling. Gradually strains are developed which need practically no whipping off deer—they are naturally not interested in this scent.

We have had a few hounds which were like this. When the rest of the pack would start off on a deer they would stand as disgustedly as the good foxhounds we've all seen do when some of the young entry run a rabbit.

But not until we hunted in southern New Jersey did we see a whole pack act in just this way on a deer.

The "modus operandi" of the hunt is somewhat novel and we believe is

now the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. Prentice Porter, recently from Lake Forest, Ill., where he was Master of Mill Creek Hunt's harriers. Mr. Porter is today doing a great job as joint-master of Cobbler Hunt, which hounds have had some notable runs, already this season, and which pack includes a number of Mr. Porter's harriers, reported to be hunting along side of the American kennel-mates in fine fashion.

On Oct. 20, Orange County Hounds moved off from Mrs. Carter Foster's, provided a good run on a red, changed to a grey and killed. Then they started another red and after a brisk burst rolled him over. A day was called at 8:45. The 22nd, hounds met at Mrs. Plunket Stewart's "Rolling Plains Farm", where stands the great Cudgel son, Milkman, sire of so many dairy named winners for Mrs. Stewart. Hounds found on Burgess Mill, ran up over Middleton Mountain and denned on Rodger Lamdon's. Scent was quite good.

October 25, hounds afforded quite a little run to den a gray; got up a 2nd grey on the Garrett's and killed after a short run. Scent was good and hounds worked keenly. Hounds were out again on the 27th, meeting at Mrs. Stewart's, on a morning when the scent was really spotty. There was considerable moisture, comparatively, and 2 foxes were run, one to a den and the 2nd lost on Robert McConnell's "Chadwell Farm", when it was raining hard. The last unofficial day was held on Oct. 29. The scent was good, a red provided a good fast 20 minutes, and went to ground.

Opening Meet, Nov. 1

The opening meet, the first formal moment with Orange County Hounds, was held. Hounds moved off from

Mrs. Langley's (currently the Porter-house) with some 60 followers. Scent was good. Hounds found on Duncan Mountain and denned. Hounds found again on Whiting Mtn., went fast for 20 minutes, through the Frederick Prince Jrs', the George Garretts' to Horace Moffett's, where they checked.

The opening day followers were glad of this respite, and then hounds worked on slowly in the rain (a lovely word to the drought stricken Virginia foxhunters) over the Garretts', Mrs. John B. Anderson's, on to 5 Points and into Piedmont country. This was a delightful morning, a grand opener, and hounds were taken in from Hubert Phipps' "Rockburn Farm."

Monday, Nov. 3.

Zulla was the meet, down the one and only good sand-clay road left in Virginia. Scent seemed spotty from the outset, but the grey hounds got up in quick order was a jack in the box. Four times he climbed trees. But the 4th time he came down was 4 and out for him as hounds accounted. Two more foxes provided sport. Hounds were whipped-off one found on the Harold Talbot's, which persisted in running about Middleton Mtn. A red was started on the Gordon Douglas Jrs', new ground, run over the Phipps', across the airport and finally denned. This was all very enjoyable.

Wednesday, Nov. 5

This was the best day of the season to date, down in the Landmark country. The meet was at Mrs. Harris Field's. A red went off in a hurry, an outlier, for some 20 minutes and 2 1-2 miles. Hounds hurried him all the way and killed in the open.

Continued on Page Twelve

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The Horseman's News

22 Eastern Breds Capture Races On Two Tracks

Charles Town's Opening Finds 7 Races With 6 Winners In Virginia; 1 In Pennsylvania

The week of Nov. 26-Dec. 2 left the Eastern-bred winners few in number as only 22 went on record, with purses amounting to \$13,665. **Discovery** and **On Watch** accounted for 2 winners each but the victory of **Discouraged** (**Discovery**—**Wild Woman**), at Bowie gave his sire a boost to the top. **Discouraged** has been out 12 times thus far and in the company of \$2,000-\$3,000 claimers and allowances, D. Christmas' color-bearer has accounted for 4 victories.

Mrs. H. Hecht's Virginia-bred Navy, (**Annapolis**—**Chatter Anne**), continued his stay in the winner's circle as his victory at Bowie on the 27, made it 3 straight.

The opening day of Charles Town might well have been called Eastern-Breds' day. The 7 races on the program were garnered by 6 Virginia-breds and 1 Pennsylvania-bred. The featured Inaugural was captured by C. M. Feltner's **Dulle**. The 6-year-old son of **Dunlin**—**Julie** competes with the cheaper claimers but this victory marked his 7th for this season.

The progeny of Virginia sires accounted for 13 races with earnings of \$7,300 while 5 Marylanders won \$3,415. New Jersey produced 2 winners and Massachusetts and Pennsylvania 1 each.

The end of November marked the closing of all but two tracks in the country and because of the stables being in transit to the warmer climates, winning Eastern-bred progeny suffered a decline in number. However, 65 sires produced 159 winners in November. **Strolling Player**, who stands at Audley Farm, heads the list as his progeny won purses totaling \$13,200. **Happy Argo** and **Neddie** finished the month with 7 winners each, but the latter's monies amounted to more.

W. L. Brann's Pictor, (**Challenger II**—**Lady Legend**) gained further honors as he accounted for the Riggs Handicap. Other outstanding stake victories were as follows: **Imperatrice**, (**Caruso**—**Cinquapace**), New Rochelle Handicap; **Marriage**, (**Strolling Player**—**War Wedding**), Marchbank Handicap; **Parma**, (**Messenger**—**Silver Lustre**), Temple Gwathmay Memorial Steeplechase Handicap; **Air Brigade**, (**Crack Brigade**—**Airy Jane**), Garden City Handicap and Carvel Hall Handicap; **Overdrawn**, (**Jack High**—**Finita**), Ritchie Handicap; and **Side Arm**, (**Pete-Wrack**—**Pistalotte**), Wakefield Handicap.

***AETHELSTAN II (Md.)**
 Richestan, 3, b. f. (Nouveau Rich, by Display), CT, Dec. 2, 1½ ml., 3 & up, cl., 1.57 \$ 425

***ANNAPOLIS (Va.)**
 Navy, 5, lt. b. g. (Chatter Anne, by Chatterton), Bw., Nov. 27, 1½ ml., 3 & up, cl., 1.54 1-5 \$ 850

***BUD LERNER (Md.)**
 Middle Blouse, 4, ch. f. (Marine Blue, by Man o'War), Tan., Nov. 29, 1 3-16 ml., 3 & up, cl., 2.04 3-5 \$ 775

***CARUSO (N. J.)**
 Spectator, 2, ch. e. (Real Lady, by Peter Pan), Bw., Nov. 28, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, cl., 1.14 3-5 \$ 850

Walter Chrysler, Jr. Brings 41 Mares To North Wales

Believing that many readers of The Chronicle will be interested in the complete list of matrons Walter Chrysler, Jr., has brought to Virginia and gathered on his North Wales stud, near Warrenton, Va., we take pleasure in reproducing same. Many of these mares were quartered on Mr. and Mrs. Charles Williams' Stacona Farm, near Glyndon, Md., prior to Mr. Chrysler Jr., acquiring North Wales.

Two Sun Briar mares, 2 Sir Gallahad III mares and a Stefan the Great mare went to the court of Bahram in his first season in this country, following his arrival here last year. He was very successful, getting 11 out of 13 in foal, and there is still a possibility that the 2 doubtful mares may still be in foal. **Quatre Bras II**, a full brother to Sir Gallahad III and Bull Dog, who stood in Virginia until the dispersal of Audley Farm, has returned to Virginia from the Holly Beach Farm, where his destiny was guided by the Labrot Brothers. Over there, Mr. Chrysler Jr., saw to it that he got 6 of his best mares. Of these **Battle Magic**, 3-year-old daughter of **Blenheim II**—**Hocus Pocus**, by Sir Gallahad III, was a maiden.

Chrysler II, the black 10-year-old son of **Teddy**—**Quick Change**, by **Hurry On**, named for Mr. Chrysler Sr., built very much on the lines of **Neddie**, got many of the Chrysler

mares last year, as if to perpetuate his name. Nine of this court are in foal.

Eleven other mares of the 41 now at North Wales, are in foal to outside horses. This list of mares is also given. The sire that they are in foal to is given in (parenthesis).

There are 14 barren mares now at North Wales, matrons for the court of leading sires in Virginia and the splendid stallions at the home stud.

A complete list of all North Wales mares in foal follows:

MARES IN FOAL TO BAHRAM

Natica, gr., 1926, by Stefan the Great—Donna Roca, by Rock Sand
 Marsh Marigold, b., 1933, by Sir Gallahad III—Primrose, by Ultimous
 Silver Lady, b., 1937, by Sir Gallahad III—Silver Lane, by Jim Gaffney
 Sunlyret, ch., 1937, by Sun Briar—Poly Eret, by Polymellian
 Sun Stream, ch., 1931, by Sun Briar—Streamline, by Man o'War
MARES IN FOAL TO QUATRE BRAS II
 Battle Magic, m., 1932, by Blenheim II—Hocus Pocus, by Sir Gallahad III
 Escapade II, ch., 1932, by Tetratema—White Folly, by Swynford
 Fair Oaks, br., 1934, by Sickle—Pantica, by Fair Play
 Foxcraft, b., 1930, by Foxlaw—Albus, by Phalaris
 Lady Sybil, b., 1934, by Pharamond II—Lady Sylvia, by Chicle
 Shady Lady, br., 1927, by Black Toney—Crepuscul, by Meddler
MARES IN FOAL TO CHRYSLER II
 American Daisy, b., 1936, by American Flag—Lazy Daisy, by Chicle

Arusha, ch., 1930, by Stimulus—Maxima, by Sir Martin
 Beau Sympathy, b., 1933, by Sun Beau—Sympatica, by Friar Rock
 Cherachin, b., 1931, by Stimulus—Chinchera, by Colorado
 Emkaytee, ch., 1934, by St. Henry—Gold Dina, by Golden Myth
 Golden Measure, ch., 1931, by Sir Barton—Crock o'Gold, by Friar Rock
 Maradadi, ch., 1930, by Stimulus—Virginia L., by McGee
 Swift Motion, ch., 1938, by Supremus—Pierre Qui Roule, by Sweeper
 Tetrant, gr., 1938, by Gallant Fox—Tetra Lass, by Tetratema
MARES IN FOAL TO OUTSIDE HORSES
 Adorable, br., 1925, by Sardanapale—Incredule, by Retz (Reigh Count)
 Blue Marque, br., 1934, by Blue Larkspur—Martinique, by Blue Ensign (Blenheim II)
 Dinner Date, ch., 1936, by Stimulus—Heloise, by Friar Rock (Flares)
 Lady Maryland, gr., 1934, by Sir Greysteel—Palestra, by Prince Palatine (Stimulus)
 Lamphare, b., 1933, by Whichone—Masda, by Fair Play (Johnstown)
 Lucilla, b., 1935, by Pompey—Primrose, by Ultimous (Pilate)
 Reckless, ch., 1934, by Stimulus—My Risk, by Campfire (Blenheim II)
 Sofia Tucker, ch., 1934, by Haste—Bandana Days, by North Star (Jamestown)
 Sun Miss, br., 1937, by Sun Briar—Missinai, by Rochester (Mahmoud)
 War Banner, ch., 1930, by Man o'War—Golden Masque, by Golden Broom (Tintagel)
 Waves, b., 1937, by Sir Gallahad III—Undulation, by Sweeper (Challenger II)

STALLIONS

Bahram, br. h., 1932, by Blandford—Friar's Daughter, by Swynford
 Head Play, ch. h., 1930, by My Play—Red Head, by King Gorin
 Quatre Bras II, br. h., 1928, by Teddy—Plucky Leige, by Spearmint
 Chrysler II, bl. h., 1931, by Teddy—Quick Change, by Hurry On
 Big Risk, b. h., 1939, by Stimulus—Risk, by Sir Gallahad III

Grand National Winner in Porcelain



BOGSKAR, winner of the Grand National Steeplechase, Aintree, 1940. Height with base 8½ inches. Length 8½ inches.

The original work of Doris Lindner. The colour of the horse is medium chestnut, the jockey is in a blue sweater with yellow cross ribbon and gold cap. Twenty is the number on the saddle cloth he bore in the race. Can be had with or without porcelain base.

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New York

Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

Continued from Page One

that the one great and all-pervasive tendency in modern business, especially "big business"—and racing emphatically has become that—is to share profits with employees and workers.

Is anything of that kind going on at the race tracks?

If so, it would be extremely difficult to locate it.

Managers, undoubtedly, in an effort to make out a case, will point to the increases in purse and stake values that featured the season of 1941.

But as a matter of fact, these increases were nothing of the kind.

They were forced by two facts.

The first was the fear of adverse criticism if such increases, of some sort at least, were not made in face of the known gigantic increases in gate-paying attendance and betting "take".

The second was the desire to get large numbers of horses to their meetings and, particularly, the headline stables and performers that the public flocks to watch.

It has been this rivalry, very largely, that has been responsible for the gigantic, spectacular stakes and cups which are so widely publicized. NOT—most emphatically—any particular ambition to do the philanthropic stunt.

There is also another very important factor entering into the equation.

This being that the rank-and-file horse-owner in large measure benefits but little from these spectacular increases.

If an association increases its regular purse events by a margin of \$100 or \$200, it considers that it has done a very noble thing.

But how paltry that is when, for advertising purposes, a feature event is jumped in value by a margin of up to \$25,000.

Our three most highly-endowed and widely publicized stakes of this kind are the Santa Anita Handicap, \$100,000 added; and the Kentucky Derby and Hollywood Gold Cup, each with \$75,000 added.

Looking back over the history of the Kentucky Derby, it is observed that every one of its renewals since and including 1930 has gone to an owner in the multi-millionaire class.

The Santa Anita Handicap has been run annually since 1935. Six of the seven renewals have been won by multi-millionaire owners—or, at least, those owning and operating great stables.

The Hollywood Gold Cup has been run but four times. Every time it went to an owner of great wealth.

If the list of other "big money" stakes is scanned it will reveal substantially the same condition of affairs.

It may be said that in a way this is justified by the fact that these great events are naturally bound to be won by the greatest horses and that these horses are, as a rule, to be found only in the greatest stables. That is incontestable.

But at the same time it does not alter the condition under scrutiny.

Racing, in order to continue—upon its present basis, especially—requires a great body of stables and of horses that do not belong in the "big" classification.

These stables and horses are indispensable.

WYTHEMORE HOUNDS

Long Green P. O.,
Long Green,
Maryland.
Established 1933.
Registered 1940.



Monday, Nov. 24 was a warm day with a high wind, but in spite of these drawbacks, we had a splendid run. Deep Hollow was drawn blank, but the 8½ couple struck a fox in Pierce's Corner peninsula. Mack, Josh and Rock took turns leading the pack, Mack won out, in the end, picking up the trail on the far side of the Dulaney Valley road he sped out ahead; it is no wonder he shows up well his grandsire was field champion, Joe Kemper. A fast canter in the open brought us to Meridith's Forge, into the woods and we were unable to get close enough in time to see where they put him to ground. It was assumed that hounds put him to ground as they stopped on the rocks above the stream, and Blue remained in the covert for another half hour, after the other hounds had been collected. Having seen her mark to ground several times and knowing her persistence, Huntsman Mueller is sure that that was the reason for her delay in answering the horn.

The second peninsula produced a foxy fox who ran the water line.

Livestock Show

Continued from Page One

seen. F. J. Anderson is down from Minneapolis, with his string of jumpers and hunters. Maurice Roberts is riding Mr. Anderson's entries, with Mike Roberts, quite well recovered from his St. Louis fall and consequent concussion, directing operations from the ground. Also from near Minneapolis came the Charles B. Sweatts, of Wayzata, Minn., with their recently acquired Moving Picture, Dublin Venture and Andor. The Indianapolis, Ind., contingent is represented with Midshipman, and Best Le Sou, owned by Mrs. George Sadler and Miss Lucy Kaufman with her Demopolis, and Mrs. James Blackwood has brought Red Dust and Lucky Number over from Michigan. Mrs. A. E. Reubens, of Toledo, is showing her Hasty Lassie and Hickory Grove.

The open jumping on Sunday afternoon brought out 45 horses who competed over a figure "8" course. Nine went clean at the starting 4'-0" height, but only Wings of the Morning was clean in the jump-off, with Roberts up, Mr. Anderson's Danny Boy and Stanley Luke's Bar Baffling tied for 2nd, with 1 fault each and Danny Boy went on to take 2nd, placing Bar Baffling 3rd. Rysco, another Anderson entry earned 4th.

In the evening, Sunday, a jumping class, touch and out, Sharif, owned by Mrs. William Chester, of Nashotah, Wisc., and Mr. Sadler's White Oak were tied for 1st with clean rounds, but White Oak took the blue in the jump-off. Both incidentally are greys.

Bobbie Burns, owned by Mr. De Buck and The Plainsman, Maurice Roberts owner, jumped for 3rd. In the 3rd jump-off, Bobbie Burns was the best, putting The Plainsman 4th.

Summaries for entire show will be run next week.

They are, therefore, worthy of being in accordance with the work they perform and the parts they play. Which at present they are not.

That is the long and short of the matter.

Lock Raven is terribly low and there is a pebbled beach all the way around, it was here that our "red friend" decided to romp. Hounds did some fine work, slow and close, even followed into the water at one point, but their work was of no avail, Mr. Fox just seemed to go around and around the one peninsula, he was not ready for vigorous exercise today, so we departed with the hope that next time he will be more sporting.

Wednesday, Nov. 26, the meet was at Strayer's Shop on the Pott Spring Road and your scribe was 15 minutes late, but it so happens that I had the advantage over the rest of the field. Hounds ran south out of Twin woods and I was right there to view them stream across the open, tonguing beautifully. Huntsman and whip appeared suddenly from out of the "nowhere" asking "Which Way?" "That way", was my answer and away we went. Hounds crossed the Cinder Road and ran their fox through Captain Wolkonsky's and on almost to Henry Dentry's. Here we checked and I looked behind for the first time and found 25 in the field, this is most unusual for Wednesday, and I was pleasantly surprised. After many "Hellos" we were off again, but not for long as hounds lost and scattered. By the time they were collected to draw Stettinius' covert there were only 3 couples with us. These remaining hounds found another fox at home this fine afternoon and we all enjoyed a nice run, some good fences and two views of the fox in the open. Blue and Rangler were on their toes (or should I saw noses?) they were keen and worked well,

crossed a corn field and two small coverts of underbrush, a wheat field and then lost. Having had a full day, we returned to the vans, in the best of spirits.—Peggy Darsie.

MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS

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New York.
Established 1877.
Recognized 1894.
Operated and maintained
by Meadow Brook Club,
Westbury, Long Island,
about 9 miles from kennels.



Nov. 15, 18, 20, 22, 25, 27, 29

For the gentleman whose letter anent brevity appeared on the editorial page of The Chronicle a few weeks ago, I submit my noting notes in the following form.

November 15, field 58, 3 foxes. No scent. November 18, field 34, fair scent, 1 fox, 45 minutes, marked to ground. November 20, field 61, blank. November 22, field 62, good scent, 3 foxes, 1 marked, 20 minutes; 1 marked, 15 minutes; 1 lost, 30 minutes; November 25, field 22, poor scent, 5 foxes, no sport. November 27, field 27, poor scent, 1 fox, slow hunt 15 minutes marked in. November 29, field 79, good scent, 3 foxes; 1 marked, 15 fast minutes; 1 lost, 40 minutes; 1 marked, 5 minutes.

The gentleman is wrong. Statisticians may prefer the bare figures. Our members now in service with the Army and Navy and others who once hunted with us won't find the breath of life in mere figures. They long to hear the familiar sounds, sights and jokes which they associate with Meadow Brook sport and the next report shall have them and in abundance.—Betty Babcock.

BROOKMEADE FARM STALLIONS

(Property of Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloane)

1942 Season

OKAPI

Brown, 1930

OKAPI	Eternal	Sweep	Ben Brush
			Pink Domino
		Hazel Burke	*Sempronius
			Retained II
OKAPI	Oktibbena	*Rock Sand	Sanfoin
			Roquebrune
	Ocloroon		Hastings
			*Ortega

Fee \$250

To Guarantee a Live Foal

PSYCHIC BID

Chestnut, 1932

PSYCHIC BID	Chance Play	Fair Play	Hastings
			*Fairy Gold
		Quelle Chance	Ethelbert
			*Qu'Elle est Belle II
PSYCHIC BID	*Queen Herod	Tetralema	The Tetrarch
			Scotch Gift
		Reine de Neige	Roi Herode
			Snowlight

Fee \$250

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Beagles

By EDWARD M. WARD, JR.



Famous Poet Writes Amusing Description Of Three Hares Tamed From Leverets

BY EDWARD M. WARD, JR.

All hare hunters would be greatly amused at the description of his three tame hares written by William Cowper in 1784. The famous poet wrote so charmingly of them in prose in *Gentlemen's Magazine* of that year that I would recommend it for all to read. I have found it in the notes appended to a copy of the *Poetical Works of William Cowper* edited by H. S. Milford and published in London by The Oxford University Press, 1934. This edition also includes his *Epitaph on a Hare*. His sentiments regarding hare hunters may not be exactly in accord but nevertheless they are worth reading.

It seems that the poet was recovering from a severe illness and wanted some sort of diversion. A friend offered to give him a three months old leveret to tame. Cowper was delighted and soon was offered a number of others. He did accept two more and called the three Puss, Tiney and Bess—though they were all males. He built houses for each to sleep in and in the evening used to bring them into the house to play. His delightful portraits of each of the three tell of their various characters, how Puss became very familiar and would leap into his lap, raise himself on his hind feet, and bite the hair from his temples. And how after Puss had been nursed through a three day illness, to show his gratitude, licked Cowper's hand all over. Tiney was not tamed so easily and would grunt when he was petted and kick with his hind feet. Bess died very soon after he was full grown but was an amusingly droll person. Cowper remarks on the differences of their expression and how he could tell each one separately.

Their diet was of tremendous interest. Cowper goes rather into detail about it, saying, among other

Bijoux Bassets Enjoy Top Day Of '41 Season

Saturday, November 22, stands out as one of the finest hunting days of this fall season, for the Bijoux Bassets of Banbury Cross, Old Chatham, N. Y.

Starting at 11 o'clock that morning the hounds were taken by the master, Mrs. Consuelo U. Ford, to the farm of J. H. Berry on the Chatham Center-Old Chatham road and were soon busy examining the frozen goldenrod patches and sumac clumps in the fields which adjoin the Kinderhook Creek.

To the onlookers it hardly seemed a minute, before a large rabbit was tallyhoed and away went the pack of six couples in beautiful form. A straight-away dash, then down the sloping hillside to almost the shore line of the Kinderhook, here heavy alders were encountered but the hounds were right up on him and apparently sensing his danger, bunny made a quick turn and up the hill he went and dove into a woodchuck hole at the foot of an old stone fence.

A few minutes later another form of game was sighted, and two deer evidently aroused by the voices of hounds, from their slumber in some spruce trees, made a beautiful scene as they bounded away with their flags flying.

But the pack were not interested in them and soon had another rabbit started. This time the course reversed. This was a little fellow and he took his time about going, evidently not realizing what all of this hound music meant. Soon, however, some innate instinct must have been aroused and he scuttled for dear life to a hole where the hounds marked.

Two other cotton tails were quickly started along the creek bottom and gave ample evidence of their ability to, in the language of the motorist's "step on it".

For a few minutes these two divided the pack, a pack which contained 3 1-2 unentered puppies, but soon all settled down on one cottontail and gave him a merry run for 15 minutes.

Moving to higher ground, Mrs. Ford next threw the hounds into some hard woods, and here the Champion Bijoux Rhinestone of Banbury Cross picked up the scent of another rabbit. This fellow was evidently a mountaineer and had no use for the habitat of his low-land

things the hares consumed, that they required a quantity of fine sand. Bread cut into small squares was their principal nourishment.

Tiney lived to be nine years old, and Puss almost twelve. Unfortunately the weight of the hares, always a point of discussion, is not mentioned.

Thomas L. Grier writes in to correct me for stating in the roster that he hunts mounted—says he has been on his feet since '35 and finds it more fun. I missed the airplane trip that The Buckram took two years ago to The Bethel Lake country but must try to get there this season. It sounds like lots of fun.

Mrs. Bondy says she has changed her collar recently to buff with scarlet piping. This is a fact to note, for, I hope her Lewisboro Beagles will be as evident at the trails and shows as her famous Wildoaks "wires" and as successful.

Many Eastern Horses To Augment 'Chasing At Agua Caliente

As the result of George W. Schilling's visit to the east, Agua Caliente steeplechasing, south of the border, in Mexico, will be augmented by some 30 horses for the coming season there, commencing in mid-December. Already a number of well known steeplechasing owners, trainers and jockeys have arrived on the west coast.

Hirsch Jacobs and Isador Beiber have shipped *Epindel*, recently acquired from H. A. Dunn, of Syracuse, N. Y., *Notley*, obtained in the Mithcock dispersal and *Kitty Kay*, all to be trained and ridden at Agua Caliente by G. Walker.

Big Rebel and *Ship Executive*, former color-bearers of Harold Talbott, purchased by west coast owners, have arrived at Caliente, as have

neighbors, for he kept straight on through the woods and out into a plantation of pine trees which dotted the upland. Never once did he deign to go down hill, only the heights overlooking the quiet old Kinderhook seemed to appeal to him and a straight away run for over a 1-4 mile ensued. Hounds here gave their most beautiful example of their ability to pack and during this entire run, a blanket, and a fairly small one at that, could have been spread over them.

What happened to this particular "mountaineer" still remains a mystery but possibly hours later he emerged from his hole and like the hill men in Kipling's tale of "The Lost Legion" called to his neighbors of the low land, that is if rabbits call, to ask them, if they too had seen 12 wide open mouths coming at break-neck speed.

Next some corn fields and open country were hunted but nothing seemed to be here and at two o'clock, Mrs. Ford "packed them in" and back to the van they went.

—Contributor.

Baffler, *Fatty*, formerly owned by Kenneth N. Gilpin, of Boyce, Va., *Phismana*, *Juncado*, the Chilean mare, and *Hatteras Light*. Specs Crawford, who drove west with trainer-jockey Walker, will have the training charge of the above. Mr. Crawford has announced that *Quaker-street*, winner of the Gran Nacional there last year will be bred at Walter Wells' *Primerio Ranch*, in California, and will not race this winter.

Mrs. Reginald Sinclair, of Larkspur, Colo., who has raced her W. Hayhurst-trained extensively in the east, has shipped her *Door Mark*, *Cat-star*, *Paying Guest*, *Catchmint*, *Passing Sun* and *Party Boy* to Agua Caliente.

J. Fred Adams, of Maryland, recently obtained *Stockton* from G. Darlington, and has shipped him west with others of his barn: *Bellman*, *Briar Blue*, and *Rhythmical*.

Arthur Kennedy has *Eolien* and *Different II* at Agua Caliente. The latter is a former R. K. Mellon horse.

Numerous western jumpers are already at Caliente, in training, including Lonny Copenhaver's *Worry* and *Cannibal*, former flat runners, schooled this past fall by this western trainer; and a string which Henry Potter Russell has assembled. Mr. Russell is a former member of the California racing board.

Jockey Clements and Cummings are already at Caliente; Cruz is heading west; as are: S. Riles, who will ride Mrs. Sinclair's string; Poland and Meyer and Murdock is coming down from San Francisco. W. King, well known 'chasing jockey, also has a string of western owned jumpers in his handling.

A car of 14 horses, all steeplechasers, is said to have left New York on November 29, which included a number of John Hay Whitney's horses, to be in the training charge of J. B. "Barney" Balding as usual. Mr. Whitney's horses include the well known *Cupid*, also *Kennebunk* and *Harford*, purchased from the Hitchcock dispersal.

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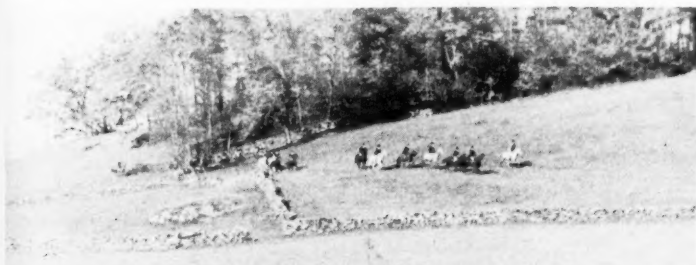
WITH GOLDENS BRIDGE HOUNDS, OF BREWSTER, NEW YORK
(All Photos by Earl Picture News)



Goldens Bridge Hounds, (American) have been hunting 3 days a week since September and will conclude their season on January 15. R. Laurence Parish, M.F.H. (center), Huntsman B. Funk and Whipper-in M. Fell are pictured.



Goldens Bridge country is 18 by 22 miles, practically all stone wall, hill-and-dale country, good coverts, fair rides and good sized grass fields. Hounds were out 65 times last season.

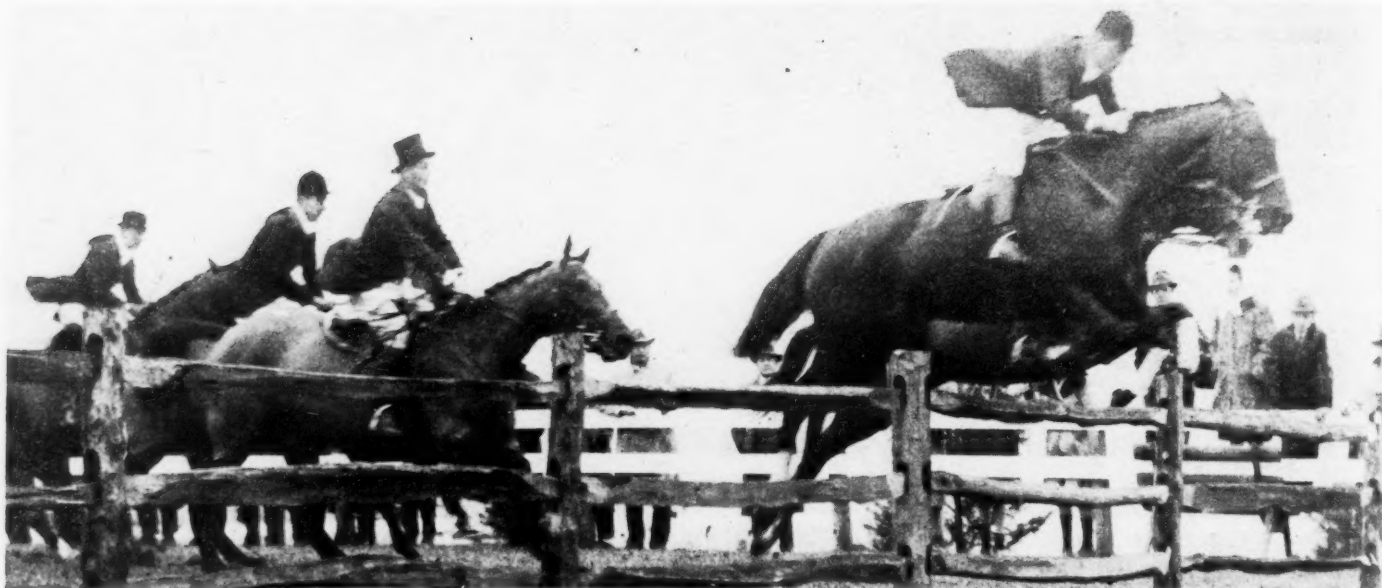


The above pictures are representative of the country, showing the field as hounds draw coverts.



Some regulars of Goldens Bridge: Mrs. Phillip Bondy, Mr. Bondy and Richard Bondy, Jr., with topper. Frederic P. Warfield is honorary secretary. Kennels are on the Rock Ridge Farm, near Brewster, N. Y.

ALICE WALTON AND STITLER VIPOND WINNERS AT 1st ANNUAL ROLLING ROCK POINT-TO-POINT
(All Photos by Frances Johnston)



The start of the 3-1/2 mile men's race for the Evelyn Evans trophy, shows Stitler Vipond, of Frankstown Hunt, Altoona, Penna., on MR. HOGAN in a slight lead over the 1st fence. Back of him are Alfred Hamilton on Alan Scaife's MOUNT VERNON; Leonard W. Bughman, secretary of the day, who finished 2nd on Gordon Thompson's WONDERWOOD and Alfred M. Hunt on DR. BONERO.



Mr. Vipond on his father's MR. HOGAN took the lead at the half-way point and was never headed, although accepting challenges from Mr. Bughman on WONDERWOOD. MR. HOGAN is pictured finishing.



David McCahill, Jr., of Rolling Rock Hunt presented the trophy he and Mrs. McCahill put up for the 3-1/2 mile ladies' race, won by Miss Alice Walton. Mr. McCahill rode in the heavyweight division of the men's race.



Miss Molly Hays finished 2nd in the ladies' race of 3-1/2 miles for the McCahill plate. She is pictured on her DELAWARE BOY.

Notes From Great Britain

By J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH

100-Mile Journey To Lanark Races Quite Interesting To Great Britain Scribe

I motored to Lanark Races with the judge (Maj. L. Petch) and what an interesting journey it was from a sporting point of view—that is to those familiar with the past sporting history of the 180 miles of country through which we passed. First came Sedgefield, which for long has had its little race meeting (none since the war, and probably none until after it), and which was the headquarters of the famous Ralph Lambton Hunt and the Melton of the north. Then came Durham City, which once had its racecourse (a bad and dangerous one), then on to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where they hoped to have flat racing this autumn and to stage the St Leger there but were frustrated. There is a blank in the long list of Northumberland Plates, which event for over a century, has been a classic in the estimation of Northumbrian and Durham folk. We passed the Town Moor, on which Newcastle Races for centuries were held before the present excellent track at Gosforth, a couple of miles away, was laid out. Newcastle used to be even more famous as a cocking centre than racing whilst its horse fair (now extinct) was one of the most important in the north.

Newcastle left behind, it was not long before we were passing over Chollerford Bridge where our thoughts turned to our old friend Capt Giles Bates, who lives nearby at Humshaugh. Quondam Turf official, one of the best clerks of the scales we ever saw, breeder of gamecocks, and keen shooting man, he has from the past three or four years been missing (and much missed) from places where racing men foregather. It is good to know he is now much better. A few yards further on and we were at The Chesters,—the ancestral home of the Clayton family, members of which have for generations been prominent Turfites. There was dear old "Uncle Clayton", his son Greville (such a fine horseman and still training a few blood 'uns in Lincs), and now Mr. Jack Clayton (he and his trainer pal McVittie are in the Guards), and his sister, Miss Jean Clayton. The latter is carrying on the McVittie stable. Brother and sister Clayton are amongst the big noises on the Turf today both in the management of the racing affairs of some wealthy owners; on the Heath at Newmarket, and in the betting ring when there is something they fancy. The Claytons are one of the oldest Northumbrian aristocratic families.

The long Military Road, with here

and there peeps at the Roman Wall, brought us into Cumberland, where they have always been keener on game-cocks, greyhounds, hound trails and wrestling than on the Turf, although the Cumberland Plate means quite as much to them as does the Northumberland Plate to Tyne and Wear-siders. Cumbrians have already arranged the famous Longtown and other coursing meetings for this season and it is still hoped (though the chance is meager that Carlisle may have a jumping fixture or two this season. We passed through the aforementioned Longtown of coursing fame, and so to Gretna Green, now a place of peaceful desolation, since crowds of sightseers have been unable to visit it under wartime petrol restrictions. It was here that the young Middleham jockey, Harry Carr, two or three years back called as a bachelor on his way to the Scottish Turf circuit, and left a married man. He went to India to ride (his wife and jockey Arthur Roberts with him) before the war. They have remained there and both jockeys have done well.

After Ecclefechan (a name, like Wigan, beloved of music hall artists) we were soon at Lockerbie, rich in Jardine, Johnstone, and Bell-Irving Turf and hunting associations. The present Sir 'Jock' Buchanan-Jarvis, now does little racing. His father, the late Sir Robert, had a big string in training and was tremendously keen on coursing too, Sir 'Jock', however, rarely gives the family colours an airing, is not much seen on racecourses, but continues as Master of the Dumfriesshire Hounds, a position he has held for twenty years. All that time he has had Frank Smith (son of the famous Tom, of Bramham Moor fame, and one of the old family of Brocklesby Hunt servants), as huntsman. We passed the turning to Halleaths, where the late Mr. John Johnstone trained many of his horses up to the time of his death. His family has a longer connection with breeding and running racehorses than most, and when happier days come I believe Mr. Andrew Johnstone will continue the family tradition. He puts in an appearance at some of the south country meetings and has a horse in training. Although there are no horses now actually at Halleaths Mr. Hugh Barclay is training a few quite near for the Dumfriesshire owner Mr. J. Dickie. Mr. Barclay is a sporting farmer who a couple of years ago left Ayr for Lockerbie. He used to ride 'chasing as an amateur and holds the record of having ridden as owner more point-to-point winners than any man in Scotland. He began that game when he was 15, his first mount being a winner. His grand total, however, does not equal that of that good Yorkshire horseman "Gunner" Welburn, who has over 40 point-to-point victories to his credit. Everyone was glad Barclay had a winner for Mr. Dickie at Lanark.

From Lockerbie it is not a long run to Hynford Bridge (a name given by Mr. J. Shan, now no longer an owner, to one of his horses). On the other side of the river is Lanark's ancient racecourse to which we were to pay our last visit for the season. I consider it the best track in Scotland, and from Edinburgh, Glasgow and all round came Scotsmen to give the lie to the statement that in these days they think of nothing but greyhound racing and football.

Equestrian Club Plans Horse Show In N. Y. Dec. 27th

The Metropolitan Equestrian Club of New York, of which Richard C. Heather is president, will hold a horse show for the benefit of the Soldiers and Sailors Club, Saturday afternoon and evening, December 27, at The Riding and Polo Club, 7 West 66th Street. Entries will close on December 20, and should be sent to Auguste Montulet, the managing director, at the Prince George Hotel, 14 East 28th Street, New York City. The judges will be Charles J. Barre, of Teneck, N. J.; Miss Ivy Maddison, New York, and David W. Roberts,

Hartford, Conn.

The prize list calls for 24 classes, a large number being devoted to horsemanship, as the Yuletide season finds all the younger set of riders in and about New York City home for the holidays. There will be classes for saddle, hunter and jumper classes featuring the touch and out and the knock down and out. One jumper class will be for juniors who have not reached the age of 19 years.

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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
THE CHRONICLE welcomes, not only the latest news, but personal views of readers, on all subjects of general interest pertaining to the Thoroughbred, the Steeplechase, the Horse Show and the Hunting Field. The views expressed by correspondents are not necessarily those of THE CHRONICLE.

Communications should be accompanied by the writer's name and address, along with any pen name desired. THE CHRONICLE requests correspondents to write on one side of a sheet of paper, and when addressing THE CHRONICLE, not to direct the letter in the name of an Editor, as this may cause delay. All Editorial communications should be mailed to Middleburg, Virginia.

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Editorials

MORE EDUCATION IN JUMPING HORSES

In the oldest books of haute école the jump is what horsemen spent years to achieve. Wherever horses have been extensively trained, the art of jumping is the last and final episode of horsemanship for to jump correctly a horse must needs have perfect coordination, perfect control of all his muscles. It is too bad that more people do not fully understand the art and the pleasures of the jumping horse so that they can be more in sympathy with good jumping, less eager to see the mistakes that often enough are the failure of the human element to coordinate and result in the hard falls that form the publicity which the art of the jump receives nowadays at the hands of the press.

There are not, comparatively, many horseback riders in the country. The number of skilled riders is pathetically small. Omitting the cowboy, whose horse is a conveyance from which to carry out his profession, the number of good horsemen if placed at 5,000 is a gross exaggeration. They are few and far between. The horsemen who really know anything about jumping a horse, are less than that and yet there are probably 500,000 who have been on horseback, who have jogged along bridle trails, but have not gone any further in the sport. Actually the man who has never ridden a horse over a jump has missed much of the thrill of horsemanship and for this reason, riding stables, and all institutions responsible for the teaching of youngsters in the art of riding, should stress jumping the horse at the earliest moment, for once the thrill of a horse actually gathering himself together and clearing obstacles, even small logs, is felt, the plain hack riding along bridle trails, is not the same, does not have the same fascination.

The foxhunter who has been used to jumping across country, if relegated to riding on lanes and jogging on roads, would not enjoy it. He would be missing something and soon might give up the sport altogether. There is a sense of satisfaction in a job well done that goes with a day across country behind hounds or out larking that is missed in any other riding activity. It is the sense of balance, timing and ability to coordinate which is the essence of all sport and makes of riding one of the most fascinating games. Everybody who really loves horseback riding ought to go into the science of jumping more carefully. It is not necessary to turn a horse's head loose and let him charge blindly at a fence. That is not the game. The thing must be balance, timing and control. Yet who thinks of this. Too much is taken for granted and this is the case from the riding school stables who do not bother to teach jumping, and lose a lot of enthusiastic riders on account of it, right on down through horsemen who ride in show rings, follow hounds and even many of the steeplechase people themselves.

This careless attitude and lack of responsiveness to the art of jumping horses is reflected in the public who are treated with picture after picture of horses falling at fences in steeplechasing until it is small wonder that the impression is given that steeplechasing is a suicidal game, not to be taken seriously by any but those bent on their own self destruction. The art and sportsmanship involved in the successful jump are completely forgotten in the desire to catch the horse when he is down, photograph his fall.

The game itself is such a difficult one, when the stage of perfection of jumping at high speed is reached, that when the mistakes occur, it seems to real enthusiasts who understand the difficulties, unfair to play them up constantly before the public. Actually the great pictures are those of the

successful jump for there you have the acme of controlled motion, the spirit that art critics are constantly seeking and that every athlete must of necessity master if he is ever to accomplish anything in any sport. When athletes fail, sports photographers do not picture them. The winner is the one to whom credit should go and, although, it would be ridiculous to suggest that pictures of horses falling should not be used in the press, it would be far more helpful to sport generally if the successful jump rather than the unsuccessful one could be used more often in action photographs, for in this jump has gone the most labor, the most achievement, the most care.

The jumping game needs a lot more cooperation and appreciation than it is receiving today but this can best be achieved by those responsible for the development of the horsemen of the future. More care from riding stables; more care from parents teaching their children to ride ponies; more care on the part of show and hunter owners that those riding their horses are doing so with attention to hands and balance. Steeplechase owners should never race some of the horses they do now who are insufficiently trained over jumps. This, after all, is the height of the game and no one should expect successful jumping without four years of preparation. Those not willing to wait should not go into the game. Lastly there should be more cooperation from race track officials to improve the jumping courses with more water and better sod. These things have proven many times to be effective in cutting down costly blunders. Jumping a horse is asking a lot but it gives a lot and lends an enchantment to the game of riding horses that would make many more horsemen than the comparative handful who now ride to hounds.

Letters to the Editor

Friendly Criticism

Stinsford House
Dorchester, Dorset
England

October 27, 1941

Editor The Chronicle
Dear Sir:

The first number of the new volume of The Chronicle has just come in, and while I was eating my breakfast, I read with avidity, as I always do, the various items of news which it contained. I don't think you realize the joy which your paper brings to me in this distant land, with its news of the sports I love so well, and often with mention and pictures of people (or their children) who are carrying on to-day, much as they did twenty years ago.

Your paper has honoured me by printing a good many articles on foxhunting which I have written, as well as one or two stories, and you, Mr. Editor, have been good enough to ask me to write various articles on procedure in foxhunting, which I have done and shall continue to do as long as you want me to. Needless to say, I read with interest the contributions of your other correspondents, Mr. Fairfax-Blakeborough, Doctor O'Malley Knott, and Mr. Newbold Ely, among others. Many of Mr. Ely's contributions are most interesting, particularly his comments on Welsh Hounds—I gather that he had considerable experience with them when he was over here a few years ago.—Just what his experiences were with other British packs, I don't know; because, as luck would have it, we didn't connect at that time;—for which I am very sorry.

But Mr. Ely's short article in the paper this morning struck a discordant note. I suppose it was intended to be humorous, but either I lack all sense of humour, or I take foxhunting too seriously. The title of the article, "Some Guiding Notes for Beginners in Hound Show", which the author states are given "as a guide to young foxhunters attending the National Hound Show at Bryn Mawr for the first time", might well lead some seriously-minded inexperienced youngster far astray. Of course I am aware, as I feel sure that every other experienced Master is, that the article is all in fun; but saving Mr. Ely's presence, I think it is in very bad taste. When one considers the amount of time and money spent in America alone (to say nothing of England) on trying to improve the breed of foxhounds, isn't it a mistake to make fun of the serious efforts of those men who have repre-

sented all that is best in sportsmanship for the last fifty years,—men like Major Austin Wadsworth, Charles E. Mather, Plunket Stewart, Watson Webb, Redmond Stewart, General Roger Williams, John R. Valentine, and many others too numerous to mention. Some of these men have striven to improve the American Hound; others to improve the English Hound; and all of them to produce the best hound for hunting a fox in America. Are their efforts worthy of praise, or should they be held up to ridicule?

Your paper deals, not only with foxhunting but also with Hunter Shows and with Racing and Steeplechasing. Mr. Editor, would you approve of an article on the breeding of hunters or race horses which was handled along these lines? I think not. I'm frankly shocked.

"What an old fool Higginson is!" I can hear some of my old friends say. Well, maybe he is, but that is the way he feels, and I am sure that you, Mr. Editor, won't mind his giving tongue.

Faithfully yours,
A. Henry Higginson

Hunt Roster

Connellsville, Penna.
October 27, 1941

Editor The Chronicle
Dear Sir:

I want to take the opportunity of thanking you for the hunt roster and the current issue of the Chronicle received in this morning's mail. The roster is certainly a commendable piece of work and should be of keen interest to every devotee of the sport. I also want to comment on the fine style and the complete coverage found in the Chronicle. I have read the paper from time to time and will certainly enjoy this issue.

Thanking you again, I am
Kenneth Stephens Drake

Beagle Roster

November 22, 1941

The Chronicle,
Middleburg, Virginia.

Please send me two copies of your November 21st issue. I was delighted with all the Beagle write-ups in that issue.

They were splendidly handled.
Richard V. N. Gambrill

(Editor's Note: Mr. Gambrill is the Secretary of the National Beagle Club, Chairman of the Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting, Member of The National Steeplechase and Hunt Assn.)

Rolling Rock Trials

Continued from Page One

she looked every bit a winner. They maintained this order all the way, past the new racing barn, over an in-and-out, turned left and took another in-and-out across the Rector Road. There they turned left and galloped across Dick Mellon's beautiful grass fields for 3-4 of a mile. The course then continued through a stream, across the dirt road and into a big field. A left turn half way across the field brought runners around to the last timber jump, top panel removed, with a straight-away to the finish.

The writer almost fell out of the judges stand at this point and the crowd began cheering madly because as they crossed the last dirt road, Alice made her bid and Gaily Boy responded beautifully going a half length in the lead over the last fence. Molly Hays went to the bat but Gaily Boy surged forward and was the victor by about 3 lengths. Miney came up fast on Martinique and finished 3rd, closely followed by Castleman and Scattercash.

Everyone ran on to the course to congratulate the girls who really put on a swell race. All five of the riders are close friends and were patting each other on the back yelling what a good time they had, commenting on the course which was laid out by the writer and Kitty Lou Taylor who was unable to secure a mount.

Miney jumped from her horse and came over to say she was looking forward to next year's renewal already. It was really great sport the way the girls went and they deserve a lot of commendation—5 started and 5 finished!

The men's race, with a separate trophy for the winner, presented by Miss Evelyn Evans and another for the 1st heavyweight (195 lbs) to finish, presented by Mr. and Mrs. George H. Love, was then carded. The distance and the course was the same.

At the pool dinner Wonderwood owned by Gordon Thompson, chairman of the Rolling Rock Polo Assn., and ridden by your riding reporter, and Walumbe, owned by John Beach and ridden by young Leonard Harrison, of Harts Run Hunt were made the favorites. Harmonist, Alan Scaife an owner-rider, was the favorite of the 3 heavyweights running.

Nine horses started and were away to a good start. Everyone was over the 1st except Abbie Hunt on his Dr. Bonero. He had a refusal but turned and was safely over on his 2nd try.

Running down the hill at a torrid pace, it was Stitler Vipond on his Mr. Hogan, running neck-and-neck with Walumbe, closely followed by

Wonderwood and Alfred Hamilton on Mr. Scaife's Mount Vernon. Alf yelled over to me: "This is some pace, do you think we'll make the jump at the bottom of the hill?"—I yelled back, "Sit tight", and we really sailed!

Across the road which had been covered with dirt, we went on to the 3rd fence. Mr. Hogan and Walumbe were still running stride for stride. Three lengths back was Wonderwood closely followed by Mt. Vernon, Dr. Ralph Lynch on his Swinging Star, Dr. Bonero, Harmonist, Charles Du Puy on his Postal Play and David McCahill on his grey Abednego and Abbie Hunt on his Dr. Bonero. This was the order and we were all over the 3rd.

The 4th, Mr. Hogan was over and Walumbe took the jump; went down 3 strides from the fence, throwing Leonard Harrison clear. Wonderwood fenced in good form and I yelled at Harrison who said he was o. k. Alfred Hunt had a spill at this jump too, but both remounted and continued.

Going into the 1st in-and-out Mr. Hogan refused, making Wonderwood jump at an angle. He went to his knees on the other side and I really thought I was going off, but he gamely came up and we were over the "out", side by side with Stitler Vipond, who had turned Mr. Hogan back into the fence. At the 2nd in-and-out we were still running side by side and after landing in the Mellons' field, Mr. Hogan pulled away by about 5 lengths and that's the way it was all the way across the big field. I ventured a look back once and saw Alf Hamilton and Dr. Lynch clipping along together with the rest strung out.

As we ran through a small stream, then across the dirt road again, into the last field, I let out a yell and dug my spurs into Wonderwood and he really did respond. We closed the gap to 2 lengths and that's the way it was into the last. Mr. Hogan was safely over and I shot Wonderwood into that last fence hoping to make up the 2 lengths but on the other side Mr. Hogan kept on running and was the winner by 4 lengths.

Dr. Lynch made a fast finish and was close behind Wonderwood for 3rd. One of the biggest thrills came when the three heavyweights came over the last fence side by side. You've never heard such yelling and cheering. Someone said: "Look at the fat men come!" All three were using their bats and it was not until very near the finish that Charles Du Puy and his new hunter, Postal Play forged ahead to win by 2 lengths, over Alan Scaife's Harmonist and David McCahill's Abednego.

It really was a fitting climax to an afternoon of good sport between the members of the 7 Western Penn-

sylvania Hunts: Sewickley, Rolling Rock, Harts Run, Westmoreland, Chestnut Ridge, Frankstown and Beaufort. There was so much enthusiasm among not only the riders, everyone of whom said they could hardly wait until next year, but also the some 800 onlookers who caught the fever. They enjoyed the informality of the whole event. There was no admission or parking charge and I venture to say that if we had been blessed by a sunny day there would have been several thousand people there.

Some of the girls had a novel way of watching the races. They watched the start and the 1st two fences, then they ran down to their station wagon and followed along the Rector Road. There they could see the 2 "in-and-outs". They had another car parked there facing the other way so that as soon as the horses crossed the Rector Road they would jump into the car and drive like mad to the finish. The course was flagged but only at the jumps and that for safety's sake because of possible bad landings.

Stewards for the day were H. C. Bughman, Jr., of Rolling Rock and Torrence Miller, of Westmoreland Hunt.

The event was such a success that it is a definite fixture for next year and it will be run exactly as this year, with the possible addition of a separate race for heavyweights. My hat is off to the riders, who really had such good sport and helped start this 1st Point-to-Point at Rolling Rock off to a great beginning.

SUMMARIES

Ladies' Race, 3 1/2 miles over natural hunting country. Plate presented by the David I. McCahill, Jr. Winner: Alice Walton's Gaily Boy.

1. Gaily Boy, Miss Alice Walton
2. Delaware Boy, Miss Molly Hays
3. Martinique, Miss Marion McCague

Martinique owned by John Beach; five started. Also ran: Miss Evelyn Thompson's Scattercash, owner up; Miss Evelyn Thompson's Castleman, Miss Posie Boyd up.

Men's Race, 3 1/2 miles over natural hunting country. Plate presented by Miss Evelyn Evans. Mr. and Mrs. George H. Love plate to 1st heavyweight to finish, 195 lbs.: Mr. Charles Du Puy on Postal Play.

1. Mr. Hogan, Mr. Stitler Vipond
2. Wonderwood, Mr. Leonard W. Bughman
3. Swinging Star, Mr. Ralph Lynch

Owners: 1. Paul S. Vipond; 2. Gordon Thompson; 3. Ralph Lynch. Nine started. Also ran: Alfred M. Hunt's Dr. Bonero, Mr. Hunt; Alan M. Scaife's Mt. Vernon, Mr. Alfred Hamilton; John Beach's Walumbe, Mr. Leonard Harrison; Alan M. Scaife's Harmonist, Mr. Scaife; David McCahill's Abednego, Mr. Cahill; Charles Du Puy's Postal Play, Mr. Du Puy.

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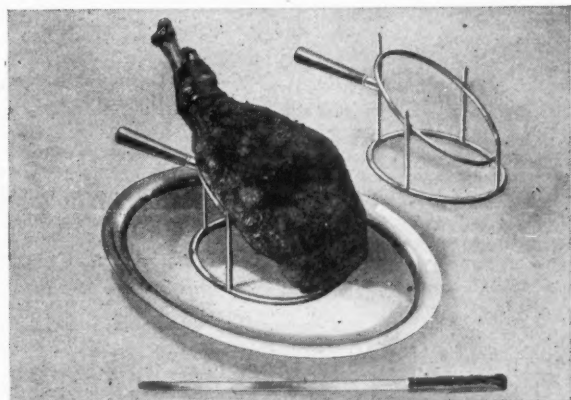
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Orange County

Continued from Page Three

Hounds quickly had another going, then a grey carried the pack with him. Mr. Harper decreed to whip them off and with little ado, another red was sent away from the old Tabb place. This fellow did no dilly-dallying. He went some 6 1-2 miles. Almost to the Middleburg pike he flew, turned across Mac Pearson's, back over the William Phillips' "Hereford Farm", Oliver Iselin's, up Welch's Mtn., and through Mrs. Isabel Ryerson's new place (she is a former Mill Creek Hunt (Ill.) moved to Virginia and building). On hounds carried, all the way to Mrs. Felix du Pont Jr's new "Gone Away Farm", where hounds were whipped off at the end of a full 50 minutes.

This run was a gone away going on one from beginning to end. It had horses sobbing—the weather was far too hot, and the ground too hard, for a stinger like this.

Saturday, Nov. 7

The John B. Clarks' place claimed hounds this morning and provided a fox in the first covert drawn. A 25 minute burst, fast as hounds and horses could go, was concluded to an accounting in denning. A 2nd fox gave a fast 15 minutes to a den on the Brent Place. A 3rd fox bolted from Mrs. Osborne's went for 40 minutes until he cleverly lost hounds on the Neil place, near Fred Carter's house. This was an extra nice day, with a grey fox scurried in after a 2 mile chase, to conclude the morning's venery.

Monday, Nov. 10

The Charles C. Harrisons' "Spotswood" was the meet, and as if in observance of the meeting place, scent was spotty. Winston Guest's provided a fox, who went quickly for a spell, but was not given to roving

far and ducked in. A wretched grey then circled twice and went in. The day's 3rd fox was a red. He went but 2 fields to a den. This unfortunate "up and in" day was brought to a close with another fox quitting quickly on McConnell's.

Wednesday, Nov. 12

The Norman de R. Whitehouses' place was the meet. Hounds had 4 foxes going, denned 3 and lost one. There was no scent.

Saturday, Nov. 15

Mrs. Laurens M. Hamilton's "Byrnely Farm", provided a fox, which doubled back up the bottom, went straight west to the sand-clay road, on to Frost Anderson's, to an earth on Furcron's, after making a 1 1-2 mile point. A 2nd fox was started on Mr. Phipps' "Brick House Farm" (in the thoroughbred breeding world better known as "Blenheim Farm", where stands a proud band of classically bred matrons and American Blenheim, the Blandford—Flying Squadron son). This red was a lost and found fox, finally denned on the Brent Place, after covering some 5 miles. This was a good day, though very hot, the last part hounds really flew.

Monday, Nov. 17

It was hot, very hot and the heat was tropical and topical. But hounds showed no consideration to conditions, sent a fox away flying from the Garretts', crossed Mary Rumsey's "Grasslands Farm", went all the way to Piedmont Country, to swing through the Lake Place and Paul Llewellyn's and come back to Rattlesnake Mtn., back of Robert V. Clark's, to a presumable loss. This was a blistering 40 minutes and Mr. Harper didn't persevere with further hunting and there were none who wanted more.

Wednesday, Nov. 19

It was warm, clear and still drier. Hounds ran two foxes; the 1st for some 20 minutes and 2 mile point; the 2nd from John Rawlings', about 5 miles, the way they went, and 35 minutes. There was a lot of very good hound work. The fox was in front of hounds all the way. It was very fast.

Thursday, Nov. 20

The meet was at 8 a. m., at the Freddy Princes'. A south wind wafted warm air and further lessened chances for sport. The Princes' provided a fox who went in on top of Duncan's Mtn. A 2nd was hustled out of the Lake Place, then hounds split on 3 foxes, all going at once. "Fooled around for 1 hour" was the word, accounted for none. Hounds found again on the James Van Alens'. He ran across Princes', Whiting's Mtn., to Ike Glascock's and a loss. The final find was in Baird's Woods. He circled and lost hounds on Princes'. Only a fair day was this "Franks-giving."

Saturday, Nov. 22

The meet was at R. W. Furcron's. A long draw ensued. The Fletcher Harpers' place provided a fox. This one came out of the Harpers' woods, after hounds had drawn every known habitated covert in the countryside, during 2 1-2 hours. But those who had waited for this, waited not in vain, for it was a well worthwhile burst, though spotty. Over to the Youngs', up to their house, where a check ensued and the Honorary-Secretary's wife had a moment to consult with her nurse regarding James Langley Young, but born to his sporting heritage last August. The Youngs' oldest, "Sandy Mac", was there cheering, hello-ing friends and hallooing hounds.

Hounds picked it up, and ran back to a den on Wrenn's Mtn. Those who really stuck it out to the die-hard end, after almost 3 1-2 hours were better rewarded, when Winston Guest's again provided. This one ran

WARRENTON HUNT

Warrenton, Virginia.
Established 1887.
Recognized 1894.



Thanksgiving, Thurs. Nov. 20.

Hounds met at Ashland, Mr. and Mrs. Amory Carhart's, at 10 a. m. It was another of the interminable series of stinking "blue bird" days that has plagued sport for Virginia all through the fall. A hot sun rose and flamed high in the sky, clear and blue.

Scent, I might add, or what little there is of it nowadays, must have been rising just as high. A large field of opportunists was on hand, however, as well as a multitude of well-wishing but more intelligent people on the ground and in cars. Meanwhile it got hotter and hotter, until Dick Bywaters, the huntsman, blew for hounds and took the 15 couple mixed pack off for the Ramsey Mountain cover followed by some 50 enthusiasts who unanimously wished they were still in ratcatcher and linen coats.

Our 1st cover was blank. Hounds were then thrown in on the Smith-Jones place, drawing the bluffs above the Rappahanock River. Again it looked as though one of our best covers would be empty. The first that any of the field knew about our fox was the mad dash of Dick Bywaters and the Master back towards Hart's farm to the north of us.

Hounds had found and gone away practically mute which left the chatters flat-footed as only a few sensed that hounds were running. Nor can they be blamed for, by and large, we've been spoiled by the full throated chorus of the big pack of American hounds,—Bywaters' primarily—that usually gives tongue as though its collective hearts would break. It must be this damn dry weather and the endless succession of California sunshine that has discouraged their more accustomed cry.

Hounds might be running quiet, but they were sure-God running as they swung well bunched across Mr. Strother Hart's fields and then down to the river bottom where they crossed into Armstrong's rolling grass fields. They soon swung into the wind. Yes, we even had a south wind to make matters more difficult—and headed down river towards Canterbury. And, believe it or not, we had to drive to stay with them as they made a big circle before crossing the Rappahanock again.

Our fox was amphibian for he crossed that river three times, followed at more or less of an interval by the field splashing through the knee deep water. At that we had less river water on us than sweat.

After the 3rd river crossing,

to the Delancey Nicolls'. (He is off on sea-duty with the Navy, and she, poor lady, has a fractured knee-cap). From there, this fox carried on, briskly too, across "Spotswood", back to the Youngs', described a figure "8", making followers lean on his outer edges, and came back to a den in the field he started. It had been observed that this fox was eating a rabbit when scouted from his feast. It was a long day, spotty scent, the ground was like iron, the sod-fields were dusty.

Huntsman Leach and Whipper-in Burgess pulled down to a big fence on entering "Spotswood". Some discussion ensued the following day—guesses ranged from 4'-3" to 4'-8". A measuring standard showed 13.1 hands, (4'-5") and ladies and gentlemen, when you've jumped one of this height towards the close of a 4 hour day, you've jumped a fence!

hounds, well packed and still running keenly, drove hard across the higher grass fields till a newly seeded grass field in Ravensworth brought them to slow nose work and soon to a complete loss. The surprise was not so much that hounds lost but that they could run with some degree of pace for 20 minutes over the powder dry dust of the drouth ridden countryside.

The master, after giving the pack every chance to solve the insolvable, continued to draw down river to the kennels on Canterbury where a day was called of it. The tragic thing about this fall is that in the memory of the oldest foxhunters Warrenton has never had a better working, keener, pack, than the master and Dick Bywaters have turned out this year. The hound work has been consistently good and, ever since the early days of September, always against the longest kind of odds. Yet, I have actually seen them run a fox and kill him in the open when we hadn't had rain for 4 1-2 weeks. The old rule of poor scent, poor sport is still a rule not withstanding occasional exceptions.

Our only hope is that the Russians are getting some of the rain (in the form of snow) that has eluded us.

Mike, Boulligny had her regular Thanksgiving Day Hunt Breakfast that was enjoyed by all the community, as has always been the case. I do wish, though, that the girls didn't make one feel so old.—Contributor

Continued on Page Fifteen

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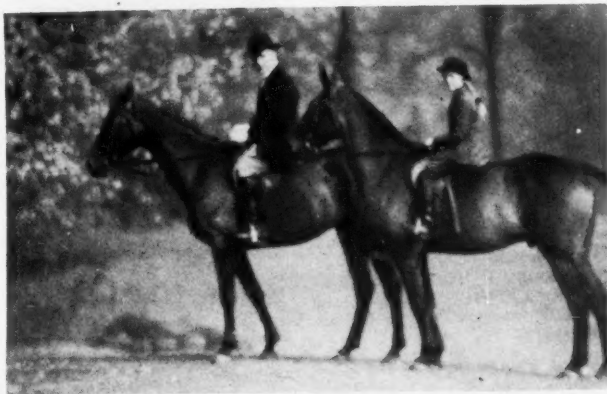
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Miss Frances Crouse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Crouse, of Revloc, Pa., rode Carl E. Davis' EAGLE MIST at the Rolling Rock Hunter Trials. EAGLE MIST took a 4th in this class. ----Darling Photo



Miss Betty Simpson, of Lexington, Ky., was the youngest in the Camargo Hunt field recently, pictured above moving off and with J. A. Bairnsfather.

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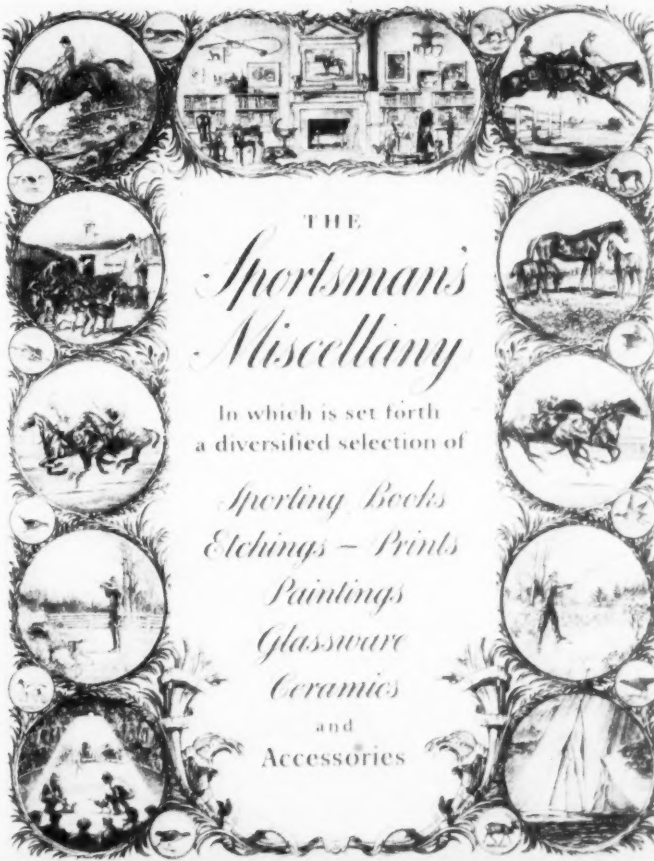
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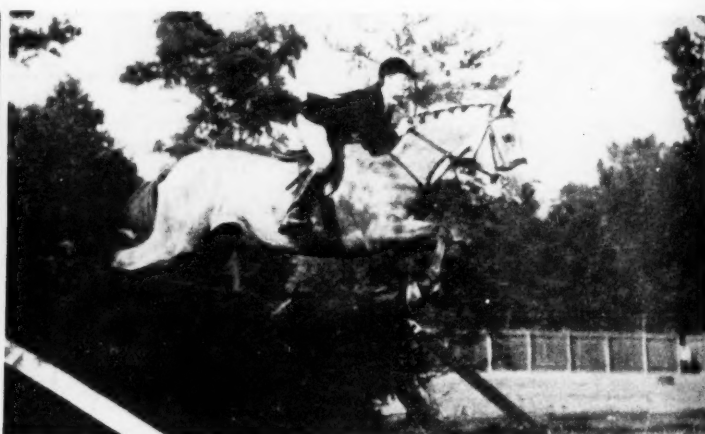
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WINNERS ON THE SHOW CIRCUITS--CALIFORNIA, MISSOURI, PENNSYLVANIA



BIG SPOT, 4-year-old son of ROSEDALE II-SYLVAN LASSIE, owned by Mrs. Victor McLaglen, of La Canada and Clovis, California, with J. Martin, rider-trainer up, won his 1st blue at the Monterey Horse Show in September. He took a 2nd there in green hunters and another 2nd in a class of 18 green hunters at the Cross-Country Trials of the Gynkhana Club, of San Mateo. In these two shows he displayed great promise. He stands 17.2, was found "cavorting in the snow as a 2-year-old", on the farm of Leo Davin, in Caledonia, N. Y.



Miss Jobie Hutchison rode her LITTLE SECRET and GRAY DEVIL to the 1941 Huntingdon Horse Show, (Penna.), junior championship. Ralph D. Noe, amateur photographer took these pictures of this keen young show-woman in action.



The Roy Craft Stable is well known, near Kansas City, Mo. Mrs. Craft, amateur photographer-horse-woman enables The Chronicle to picture the above good performers of the Audrain County Fair Horse Show, in Mexico, Mo. Left to right: Chester Roberts on GRASSLANDS; Mrs. Margaret Kerckhoff riding ON THE BEAM; Mr. Craft on WILL ROGERS; Mr. Craft on PRETTY PASS and FLYROCK owned by Mr. Bond, Mexico, Mo.



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DEEP RUN HUNT CLUB

Richmond, Virginia.
Established 1887, 1923.
Recognized 1905.



After a week's postponement because of dry ground, Deep Run opened its drag season Saturday, November 8.

The postponement was a mistake. No rain fell during the interim and the ground resembled pulverized concrete and wouldn't have held the scent of a polecat.

Even so, Dr. John M. Hughes, joint-M. F. H., took over the task of hunting the drag pack and a dozen or more impatient riders sallied forth. Hounds were cast near Plageman's Store and surprised everyone by working the line tenaciously, even though badly scattered.

Subsequent casts led around the old Westwood Golf course, the new airport, back through Poindexter's to Pepper and Patterson Roads.

F. Willson Craigie, riding his sister-in-law's *Congo Rhythm*, contributed the only excitement of the afternoon when the horse became tangled in some woven wire hidden in the leaves and fell flat. *Congo*, a somnolent type of nag, found lying on his side restful and answered all efforts to raise him with a derisive grunt which later was interpreted to mean "Please go 'way and let me sleep."

After a short nap *Congo* was brought to his feet and mount and man proceeded.

On Armistice Day, fox hounds met at Fox Hill, the home of Captain and Mrs. W. M. F. Bayliss in Goochland County. Dr. Hughes again carried the horn.

Three coverts drew blank, but in the fourth hounds started cold-trailing what apparently was a red which had passed through some hours before. Any hound lover would have gotten a genuine thrill listening to the steady work the pack put in.

After working for nearly two hours, in which the line traveled about six miles, hounds heard the noon-day whistle from a nearby saw mill, decided it was lunch time and called quits.

Thanksgiving, Nov. 20.

The Thanksgiving Day brought out a field of 21, much smaller than usual, but excellent considering it was a warm morning with dust two inches deep underfoot.

Dr. John M. Hughes hunted the pack, which again displayed its ability to hold the line regardless of poor scenting conditions.

With the line laid over the University course, a favorite with spectators, a sizeable gallery was on hand at the start and followed each cast

by motor.

Dr. Asa Shield, joint-M. F. H. with Dr. Hughes, led the field.

Saturday, November 22, F. Willson Craigie carried the horn for the first time and turned in a capable job. Some of his horn toots were rather anaemic but they must have pleased hounds as he brought back to kennels all he took out.

The field of 15 was in a hunting mood and went around the Westview Course with abandon. Dr. Shield led the way with all the dash for which he is noted.

The new-born huntsman made a spectacular cast just back of Martin's the pack going forward as one, so closely bunched were they.—W. C.

POTOMAC HUNT

Great Elm Farm, Rockville, Maryland.
Established 1910.
Recognized 1931.



Thanksgiving day was hot, dry and very windy. Potomac Hunt met at Cranford's Corner. Scenting conditions were impossible—every possible cover was drawn blank. Many of the hunters gave up and went home to their Thanksgiving dinners.

A few patient people who stayed on were rewarded when hounds jumped a fox in Boetticker's. The fox made one round, crossed Hostetler's through Beales and was denned on the far side of Beales. Run was short but very fast.

Beside the hunt staff consisting of Floyd Kane, huntsman, Gilbert Allison whip, and honorary whips Dr. Horgan and Marshall Exnicios, the field included Dr. Fred Sander-son, M. F. H., Mr. Cabot and Miss Cabot, Paul Banfield, Mr. McEldowney, Comdr. Lee, Lieut. Strawbridge, Mr. Carrice, Edw. Altemus and his two daughters, Dr. John Lyons and son, Mrs. Ernest Smith, Mrs. Horgan, Miss Elizabeth Jackson, Mr. Carveille Bowen, Laird Dunlop III, Col. Frost, Claude Owen, Mr. Lowe and two brothers, Mr. LaMotte and his guest, Miss Jean Houston, Bobby Hanson, Mr. Geo. Plummer, Mrs. Nancy MacDowell, Robin Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. McConihe and their guest, Mrs. Forestal, Col. Hardy, Lieut. Cunningham, Lieut. Price and Lieut. Abbott, Dr. and Mrs. Moran, Miss Bella Hagner, Mr. and Mrs. Strausen, Mr. Ernest and son, Mrs. Godfrey Kauffman, Mrs. Berry and Richard Keech.

Potomac Hunt had their first blank day of the season Saturday November 22nd. Weather conditions have been bad, very dry and dusty; perhaps the fact that the woods are honeycombed with rabbit hunters helps keep the foxes in their dens. However, our first heavy rain in three months fell Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Viers entertained the field after hunting at their beautiful country place on the Rockville Pike. This is an annual affair that would not willingly be missed by any member of Potomac Hunt; as usual everyone turned out and stayed late.

Potomac Hounds Tuesday, Nov., 25 met at Travilah. Hounds were cast on Mr. Bell's place and immediately jumped a fox. They made one round on Bell's, circled Dr. Horgan's place and denned on Bell's farm.

Hounds were cast again and at once got up another fox, crossed Horgan's, Bell's and headed straight for Travilah. Just before they reached Travilah the fox made a left turn, crossed Foster's, Mills farm and went almost to Gaithersburg, there

HOWARD COUNTY HUNT

Ellicott City, Maryland.
Established 1930.
Recognized 1932.



Armistice Day, Nov. 11

We met at Mr. Schow's at 10 a. m., with a big field turning out for the day's sport. Hounds moved off to draw the MacNeille's woods, but found in the meadow before even entering covert, at about 10:15. Hounds worked their fox on through the length of the woods and then made several circles before finally breaking covert down by the pond.

Hounds burned up the open fields across to Mrs. Butler's tenant house, setting a terrific pace for the field over half a dozen good stiff post and rails. Hounds checked on the rocky knoll overlooking the "Wild Horse Meadow", giving the horses a much needed breather. Paddy thought for a second that the fox had gone in there in the rocks, but "Comet" promptly put an end to that idea by picking up the scent again at the foot of the hill, the pack honoring her instantly.

They crossed the "Cattail" and boiled up through the valley below "Bunker Hill" to the edge of the Warfield's place, "Oakdale", then turning left-handed, ran the length of the Butler woods, then left again out over the open fields of "Waterford", Mrs. Butler's place.

The field rolled down the long hill, over the big rail fence into the

made a left turn, crossed Darnstown Road, back through Mr. Jones', Mill's Bell's and Hogan's farm, made several circles there. Hounds ewre whipped off a little before six, as darkness had fallen. I don't believe any one out that day ever has seen prettier hound work.

Mrs. McConihe's horse stepped in a hole and went down but she was unhurt. Marshall Exnicios, honorary whip, narrowly escaped injury when his mare turned completely over at a fence but threw him wide.

Vivian S. Brown, Field Sec.

lovely meadow full of Hereford cattle. This fence took the measure of the whipper-in on a very green young mare which was too keen to stop and too green to know that such a big stiff one is not to be trifled with. There were others too, more conservative, who preferred to take a longer route and find a smaller panel.

Luckily enough for them and for the whipper-in, who had some trouble catching his horse, the Herefords did not improve scenting conditions any too much and it was quite a few minutes before hounds were again able to pick up the scent. Once back on the line, they ran it very strongly, recrossing the "Cattail" and then on up the "Wild Horse Meadow"; over the big field of corn stubble and down again into Mr. Schow's meadow to where they had first found their fox.

The ground had dried out completely by now and the pack had a hard job of it indeed working it out, through the MacNeille's woods that second time. It was some time before they finally got straightened out across Mr. Morgan's field at the other end of the woods and then on across John Warfield's place to the old sawmill woods beyond, then left handed through a field of standing corn into the upper end of "The Game Preserve."

Running the length of the preserve and on down Mr. Hill's meadow, they swung left handed up over Mr. Morgan's hill and then back down again across the road and into the woods behind the MacNeille stables. Hounds ran their fox the length of these woods and put him to earth in the rocks behind the stables at 12:30.

A 2 1-4 hour run, fox accounted for, good going and grand country; one of those very rare and perfect days.—K. McL. W.

Continued on Page Eighteen

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Rombout Hunt

Continued from Page One

try, promptly at ten on this Saturday morning the 22nd of November.

The F. W. H. were to hunt the north country on Sunday; the other visitors, the Fairfield County, the other side of the middle country on Monday; the F. W. H. the south country on Tuesday; the Fairfield County the north country on Wednesday—what an opportunity to see hounds at work.

The first covert had been empty, but here in the swale hounds were settling, working with a will a line not strong but definite. Over the hill slowly, trying all the way, across a wooded ravine, out through an orchard, across a hayfield, twisting, turning, making a loss, then hitting it off—hounds kept working up on their fox.

For an hour, the Rombout pack persevered a bit faster in some places where scent held better, slower across the uplands, until after crossing the Pleasant Valley road, they were headed for the wildness of the hills south of Millbrook at the very limits of the country and had to be whipped off.

Mr. Gray, who was carrying the horn and his joint-master, Mr. Ryan should both be proud of the diligence, enthusiasm and determination of their pack in carrying that line in the face of such conditions.

Hounds were brought back, cast in a woodland west of the road and drew on north. That was all of the day for us but hounds went on to find another fox, get him up and push him across a good piece of country to the south of Pleasant Valley, marking him in after about a half hour. Then a bit of bad luck with a horned creature and the first day's sport afield was at an end.

But for fun it was only "time out". The evening's festivities began at an early hour, Mr. Gray having the assembled company in for cocktails before the dinner at The Beekman Arms in Rhinebeck. Then the Rombout Hunt Ball in the Tennis House at Ferncliffe, through the courtesy of Mrs. Hull, and a party worthy of this genial countryside it was, enlivened by such stalwarts as Harry Worcester Smith and O'Malley Knott, bewitched by the fair Dianas.

Driving back over the road to Millbrook, a flock or two of snow hit the windshield from time to time (and though there were some who raised the skeptic's eyebrow on the morning after—it was snow). We retired hopeful that during the night the "dry" would be dissipated and that scent would hold on the morrow.

But if "wishing makes the dream come true", all of the county must

have had a hand in the downpour that greeted the early risers. By eleven, the rain had disintegrated into a drizzle and that too melted into a foggy, damp, heavy day as the Fairfield and Westchester moved off from Mrs. Forrestal's.

Hounds entered covert keenly, drew on south through two low woodlands in vain, were taken across a road and cast in a low meadow opposite the Melville farm. It was quickly apparent that "Charles" had been this way and recently. Out one side the pack ran, swung left-handed up a slope, circled through an orchard, ran back through covert, made a loss, hit it off up along a dry creek, twisted back through the same orchard, doubling again; all most confusing for the Field. Scent had improved.

The speed of the pack made it necessary to stay with them or risk missing it all in a strange country, yet with this home-loving pilot the field-master needed the service of a master juggler to keep from interfering with the work at hand.

Just as we were convinced that it was one of the "gray" brethren up to his tricks, hounds straightened the gentleman away and it was sit down and ride through a bit of woods to come out on a hillside overlooking a road. Checking for a minute, the lead hounds cast on, picking it up along a stone wall and crossed over with the throttle wide open. The field tumbled off that hill in a way reminiscent of a jousting match, raced up a lane and started off across a side hill. Coming to a bit of plow, a front row seat was provided for what Mr. Gray yelled out "was the best cast I ever saw hounds make". And it was pretty; a page right out of the book. Away they went up a slope across another road, over a hill, from the top of which we had our first "view." There below just coming out of a lane was "Charles" heading for a small woodland, but this pack was close. By the time we could get to them hounds were standing in the woods, their heads up perfectly content. Jack Gover, our Huntsman blew once, made his way into the woods and after searching for an earth while hoping to find the remains of "Charles" he came out shaking his head. But Homer Gray also convinced that hounds had killed, kept at it and sure enough he was right.

"Les honneurs" as the French would have it, were completed forthwith and most appropriately too. It was a corking run over good country. Close to a 4 mile point the "natives" said, about 6 miles as hounds ran.

The next 3 coverts were empty, so that with the gray afternoon rapidly fading, it was decided to call a halt. Later, while enjoying a most hearty breakfast, we inquired as to the victim where did he live?—How did he usually act?—What were his habits?—for we were puzzled as to why he imitated an accessory before the fact.

The evidence brings us to the verdict that "Charles" was careless. Having all fall, because of the dry, been able to play at hide and seek around home, he seemingly forgot that scent might change.

Monday, Nov. 24

The Fairfield County met at Mr. Sleight's. We were absent, regretably. But the word is that old lady "Luck" dished up a heap of the "bad" variety. Just to make it really poisonous, only the whipper-in got away with hounds when they finally found. He had a corking run, almost to Pleasant Valley where hounds

marked their fox in along about 5:30. As the Master said to us the next day, "That boy of mine was with the pack all the way. We found him on a pretty tired horse bringing hounds home over the road in the dark."

Again that night the festive board was spread, this time to do honor to the visiting hunt staffs. We had to miss that too, but 'tis said that Mr. Folger gave a right smart party, as he would. There is one thing about going up to Rombout, insomniacs are right at home—those people must be made of iron.

Tuesday, Nov. 25

The F. W. H. met at Mr. Grames. While hacking to covert, a fox was viewed, sunning himself in a field (perhaps he too had been out the night before). The pack was carried on forward, laid on the line and went away, headed for what was to have been the first draw. But unfortunately, he was turned. The pack doubled back headed for the main road. At the same time a 2nd fox was viewed away. So, when the pack made a loss on the 1st fox and it was pretty certain that he had crossed the road into more or less unhuntable country. They were brought back to where "canis vulpes secundus" had made his exit.

Away they went again but for a 2nd time it was short-lived. There is a railway track that runs through this part of the Rombout country—and we were to come to know it better later on. Hounds ran down to the tracks where they could own the line no further and try as we might, up and down and along the banks of the cut, there was no finding the critter. Maybe he hopped the Albany Express. The 3rd time it was the business. Drawing a sizable woods, a couple and a half started to speak with real authority. The main pack was brought up and the air was filled with music. Right down to the end of the woods they ran, pushing all the way. Out into a pasture where their heads came up at the end of a lane crowded with milk cows. Casting one way, then back, then the other way, unsuccessfully, old Lee made the most spectacular pick up we have seen in a long time. He circled the lane in a big

wide cast, hunting every inch of the way to set the others right on the far side.

From there it was hammer and tongs for a couple of fields to put our pilot in on the side of a hill.

The next covert produced another fox and he dusted out of town right smart. Heading East we were galloping along when the whistle of a freight train sent the cold shivers down our spine. Sure enough there was that same railroad line but this time traffic was moving on it. Hounds were too far ahead of us. There was nothing to do but hold your breath and pray. It was close, so very close but they made it. Then from literally being scared stiff, the "litany" was mumbled and we fear that some pretty hard things were said about that train. By the time we got across hounds were way ahead. It is never easy to catch that pack of hounds and with an obstacle or two in the shape of those mountains that pass for hills, it took a bit of corner cutting to even get on terms with them. Pulling up a 44 degree slope we were treated to as fine a view as a man ever had of a running fox, just about three-quarters of a field in front of hounds. That was all we saw of them until charging off a side hill into a road, we found them standing in a swamp,

Whether they killed or not we will never know. A thorough search did not reveal the victim. A few hounds had crossed over but all the old stagers were with the main pack and all were very happy.

This about ended the day and the holiday for us. It was rare sport in the most pleasant of countryside. We regretted that it was impossible to stay over for a day with the Fairfield County but it was not to be.

Our hosts Mr. Gray and Mr. Allen provided us with the mostest of the bestest. The pack did their part too. Three hounds stood out—Lee, Tiny and little Venus. She by Flying Flash, litter sister to Vicar, probably the best first season hound we ever saw, unfortunately a sacrifice to an unheeding motorist. But his little sister in her 2nd season is carrying on, runnin' and tongin' and just as true as her daddy.—Denman

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Equitation and Horsemanship

BY "PROCTOR KNOTT"

George McKelvey, III Puts In Good Horsemanship At Boulder Brook

More than normal interest is attached to the first show after the National, and this year's, held at Boulder Brook, N. Y., was no exception. While there was not the record-breaking number of entries of last year's show, yet there was excellent attendance and interest was high, especially in the horsemanship classes.

Of the 38 classes at the show, 15 were in the horsemanship division, not including pony, hunter, and jumper classes for juniors.

The judges, Mr. and Mrs. J. Loring Brooks of Massachusetts, had very definite standards by which they judged, and did not hesitate to give reasons for their decisions in case there was any doubt. The audience liked this.

The coveted honor of being the first one to win a good hands cup toward the new season, went to George McKelvey III of Montclair, N. J. This young rider made outstanding strides ahead earlier in the year, and his new mount, which he is schooling for horsemanship, is becoming more accustomed to the routine. He also took a leg on the

A. H. S. A. Meeting

Continued from Page One

tion. I therefore call upon the delegates of each show in membership to make the sacrifice necessary to be present and to represent their respective organizations. If you cannot attend please be sure to forward your proxy.

"All licensed shows are entitled to representation by observers, who will be welcome. A cordial invitation is also extended to all individual members of the Association to be present.

"In order that proper arrangements may be made for luncheon, replies must be received by January 6. The charge for luncheon is \$3 per cover.

"Let us come together and welcome each other at the start of a New Year, and cooperate in planning the success of 1942. Cordially yours, Adrian Van Sinderen, President."

ELKRIDGE— HARFORD HUNT CLUB

Monkton,
Maryland.
Merged 1934.
Recognized 1934.



Monday, December 1

Amazing is the only word for it!

Hounds met today at eleven, and hunted their fox brilliantly for several hours. The field met too, of course, and also hunted—but not so brilliantly, and not, mind you, for the fox. We hunted for the hounds.

The story of this unique day in Elkridge-Harford annals is worth telling in detail, so here goes.

Meeting at Mr. Howard Price's gate, away at the edge of our hunting country, the pack was put into the Phoenix covert and at first drew blank. On a shaggy hillside out on the other side, a few hounds opened. Huntsman Dallas Leith and the field waited patiently, then moved on up the hill, where scattered tugging proclaimed the hounds' increasing interest.

The next quarter-hour produced splendid hound-work; the pack "cold-

Griffiths Challenge Trophy for equitation, and was awarded the final championship, the first of the season, over Miss Margaret Ellen Coughlin of Wethersfield, Conn. Besides being named reserve to him, Miss Coughlin took home both the M. E. C. Medal and the S. A. Medal.

However, it was the Maclay class, which next to the good hands offered the closest competition, and provided the greatest interest. In this Miss Ann Morningstar, who placed third at the Garden, took first place, just over Miss Mary Poll by a very close margin. In the hunter seat class the order was reversed, and Miss Poll was placed first, with Miss Morningstar second. In this there was no workout over jumps, which would have been desirable had time permitted.

Among other riders Miss Barbara Pilliod was outstanding in the younger class, and Miss Joyce Schmidt was applauded for her win in the excellent side-saddle class.

While it is not strictly speaking a part of the horsemanship classes, yet a high spot among the junior riding was the surprisingly fine performances of nine-year old Mickey McDermott, smallest of the clan, and a new-comer in the show ring, who piloted his father's *Pretty Good* to two blues and the reserve jumper championship.

Two more shows, one at Greenwich, Conn., and the Brooklyn show, a two-day affair at Teevan's, are scheduled before Christmas, with a possibility of one at Secor Farms mainly for juniors, during the holidays.

At this time of year furtive conversations between parents and instructor, or friends can be noted, and no doubt lucky youngsters will thereby profit on Dec. 25 by choice additions to their riding needs. We hope Santa Claus does not forget the wide and worthwhile field of books.

We can remember getting various gadgets, fancy stirrups, bits and what not, which eventually fell into disuse, but we have never failed to get lasting pleasure from a good horse book. Possibly we should make the one exception of the family friend who presented us at Christmas time with a choice volume on "How to Win" with a glorified horse on the cover, but which turned out to be a book on how to make easy money at the race track, and was promptly confiscated. (by our wife?)

trailed" that fox in and out of stony fields, rough thickets, streams and eroded gullies, and finally broke into full-throated cry at the top of the same Phoenix covert and went away northerly at a hot clip. The field pounded up a long, stony lane, detoured briefly into a cornfield, came out again and took a set-back across the lane, within sight of Mrs. J. D. Baker's big, white house and barns.

Then down a long slope for half a mile, but alas! wire. ("We're going to get a panel in there quick; it's badly needed," Huntsman Leith said later.) Nothing to do now but turn right-handed over some logs into a wood, and sharp left over the stream, down the meadow over two sizable board fences, and right again onto new wheat—but it would have been hard to stop then!

At this point yours truly had fallen behind, my obstinate beast being against line fences, specially board ones, on principle. With one or two other trailers we back-tracked and came into the wheatfield from another angle. Up the long hill, and wow! a flea-bitten grey mare takes out two whitewashed boards on Canaday Farm and goes down a-sprawl just in front of us. Brief stop again for that, then out into the Corbett road over a coop, to find the field and hunt staff gathered on the peak of the nearest hill.

And the hounds? Well, sir, it appears they have vanished. Utterly. The entire pack, twenty couple or more, has just been spirited out of sight as completely as though wafted to heaven on a cloud. Not even a tail-hound in sight. Not a single pup. Nothing.

Says Dallas: "We were not more than two hundred yards behind, just in the bottom there. I saw the pack heading up through this cornfield (Ross Pearce's) toward the Corbett road." But because of the wire and the resulting detour, the field reached the hilltop seconds too late.

So here we all were, and the country could be scanned for a good mile in any direction, and it gave no hint of the whereabouts of hounds. Just enough sullen southeast wind to carry the cry away—if the hounds had cut to the left. But farmers had waved us on, across the road.

Whips were despatched in two directions. The field followed the huntsman in a long swing easterly, meeting Jack Robinson (whip) as he loped in from the southwest. "Any luck?" "Not a trace."

Perhaps an hour had drifted by, and people began pulling out. A dozen of the faithful meandered across country, stopping often on the great rolling hills opposite Clymaltra Farm to listen. You could have heard a pin drop—but you couldn't hear hounds.

At last a clue. Jake reports a farmer told him, "they passed an hour back, going straight down country, and fast!" Encouraged, we jog another three miles, asking the girls at Oldfields School as we go through, for word.

It must have been four o'clock when, in a big woods well below Oldfields, the handful of hardy souls and the hunt staff got up with the hounds, split several ways on several trails and still running hard. As dark closed in the pack jogged wearily home—and the devil of a long jog it was.

N. S. H. A. To Meet

The National Steeplechase and Hunt Assn. will meet sometime after the first of the year, in January, to consider applications of dates from tures held in the name of Sandhills, Aiken, Carolina Cup, Deep Run, Middleburg, My Ladys Manor, Grand National Point-to-Point, Maryland Hunt Cup, Virginia Gold Cup, Radnor, Rose Tree and United Hunts in the spring. The fall fixtures commence with Foxcatcher's National Cup meeting, and continue in order on the calendar, with the Whitmarsh, Huntingdon Valley, Rolling Rock, Rose Tree, Monmouth County, Essex, United Hunts, Middleburg and Montpelier meets.

Here endeth the day. "I've never seen anything like that," said Mr. Bryce Wing, who was following in his car with Miss Peggy Wing and Mrs. Jane Fowler Bassett (the latter just out of the hospital after a bad fall and concussion Thanksgiving Day). Leith admits it has happened to him before, though. "Just a case of bad luck. They slipped away from us while we went up the hill the other side of the bottom. The hounds doubled back and went downstream, the wind carried sound ahead of them."

And there we were. Lost. GOOD and lost, too!—H. Cadwalader.

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PIEDMONT FOX HOUNDS

Upperville, Fauquier County, Virginia. Established 1840. Recognized 1904.



Friday, Nov. 21.

Conditions still continue impossible for scent, yet to the amazement of everyone, hounds are able to turn in ringing lines, and it's really ringing when you hear the horses pounding. A field of near 60 were at Five Points at 10 a. m.

Within 1-2 an hour hounds found back of the Col. John Butler farm, worked determinedly for almost an hour and 10 minutes, during which time there were bursts which carried followers over cap-rock walls and paneled riders of the Ramey country, all the way to Milan Mill. Then with a halting check, as hounds picked it out, the fox suddenly reversed his field, retracing his steps partways, went a point of over 3 1-2 miles, quickly too, straight through the meeting place at Five Points, to lose hounds in Orange County, down on the J. S. Phipps Mill Place.

This last part of it saw followers strung endlessly. Between broken stirrup leathers and wire, Dr. A. C. Randolph, M. F. H., had his troubles. A Captain Edward Hastings, of England, perhaps a military attache, prefaced his subsequent behavior in saying to this department on introduction: "I say, you are not too severe with visitors in your write-ups, are you old man?" He later rode his on line, was so far out in front he was part of the hunt staff. His host Frederick M. Warburg, who had mounted the Britisher, said: "Let him have fun, he may not live long."

From Five Points, those out on top besides the Britisher, Horace Moffett, Alvin Baird, Bubby Bliss and others, rode a nice line of fences, east of the sand-clay road, north to the Johnston farm, which was really a joy for those who find exhilaration in hunting to jump. In Orange County country, across the old lane-way, the boundary-line past Rattle Snake Mountain, hounds made a short turn then threw their heads up and Dr. Randolph called it a day, a good day too it was.

MIDDLEBURG HUNT

Middleburg, Loudoun County, Virginia. Established 1906. Recognized 1908.



Thanksgiving, Nov. 20.

There have been more out with Middleburg Hounds as a Thanksgiving hunt was celebrated, but never have more been seen to ride forth with this pack on a warmer day. Some counted 109, others 126, still others 143. Regardless it was a great parade of pageantry, as parents and children, Foxcrofters and Middleburg followers filed out of the Foxcroft School ground, to draw off over the Henry D. Whitfield place.

It was like a big family class somehow. Byron Foy, they have a daughter in Foxcroft had a suitable-to-become Foxcrofter Cynthia riding with him, also a British refugee. The Foy's week-ended with Walter Chrysler, Jr., at his great "North Wales" thoroughbred establishment near Warrenton, The Donald P. Ordways, of Augusta, Mich., down for a hunting spree in Virginia, she on Auburn Prince, had daughter Anne with them. Mrs. Theo Winthrop had a trio of Foxcroft suitables with her, daughters: Theodora, Amory and Nina. The James Van Alens had

sons, two real riding guys, Sammy and Jay. Roger Fred was affield with daughter Dorothy; Algernon Davy was out with his daughter Mary; Mrs. Norman Toerge had daughter Nancy Redmon; Mrs. Oliver Iselin had daughter Barbara and neice Louise Dilworth; and Mrs. Arthur White with daughter, Mrs. Newell J. Ward Jr.

It was home coming day for the Foxcroft Alumnae. Mrs. John B. Hannum Jr., had driven 5 1-2 hours to get to the meet; her sister Avie Penn Smith had come down from her honorary-whipper-in duties with Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Hounds and that invisible trio, class of 1940 of Foxcroft, Mrs. Hugo Rutherford (nee Francesca "Pancho" Villa) Alice Brisbane and Grace Cutting were once more together. Other Alumnae included Edith Seyburn and "Bobbie" Virginia Davis, who can't spend her winter in Aiken, this year with her sister and brother-in-law, the J. "Barney" Baldings, because they are going to be in Agua Caliente and Bay Meadows with the 'chasing contingent this year.

Riding to the meet, along the macadam pot-house road, there was a waft of spring in the air. Cars, bearing license plates from all over the eastern United States went whisking past—then Huntsman Bob Maddox and Middleburg Hounds caught up, with Whipper-in Nichols coaxing. It is amazing how hunt staff horses can take it, trotting down the rough cobbled shoulders of the hard-surfaced road, even right down the middle, and then once the hunting commences, they go 3 times as far as any of the followers.

Arriving at the Foxcroft gates, charming undergraduates challenged with "Fox?" or "Hound?". Middleburg Hunt servants took yellow chrysanthamums, emblematic of Foxcroft "Hounds" and they were with the winning side that day when the inter-school basketball game was played.

The big field wound along back of hounds, it was all but a blank day, until over on the Roger Fred "Sunnybank" farm, hounds worked up a line. But the field was too unwieldy, trailed out too long and there were too many who dilly-dallied coffee-housing that the covert was surrounded. The fox could never break through.

The staff tried; hounds tried; the fox tried, but he gave it all up and went to ground. Joint-Masters Miss Charlotte Noland and Daniel C. Sands called it a day after 2 1/2 hours, and everyone returned to the school for one of those very famous Miss Charlotte Noland Foxcroft lunches.

Saturday, Nov. 22

(Editor's Note: The Chronicle takes pleasure in recording the following from the pen of an infrequent visitor of Middleburg Hounds, who goes far better to hounds than she would have you know from these notes.)

It blew up dry, clear and hot for the meet at Hibb's Bridge. Skeptical glances were cast on the ground as we moved off and on all sides people remarked that hunting should be postponed until it rained. Robert, the huntsman, proved differently, however, because we barely had caught our breath after viewing a large grey fox running up the hill on the side of a creek when hounds were away and most of the field was lost far behind Mr. Sands and Miss Charlotte. I am ashamed to say that after that I caught only brief glimpses of hounds, intent as I was, on

keeping up with the masters in a strange country.

Before I knew it we were in the Piedmont country, jumping post and rails out of plowed fields into woods and briars and the first recognizable landmark I saw was the hard road to Unison. Turning right off the road we saw hounds way across the field and were again flying. Hounds should have been exhausted in the heat but you would never have realized that the scent must have been almost entirely lacking for they ran practically without checking for two hours.

A few stragglers joined us after we turned and one of them impeded the field's progress by getting caught in a grapevine in front of a coop and having successfully disentangled himself proceeded to teeter see-saw-like on the fence.

Mr. Sands decided to call it a day a few fields beyond Mrs. Massey's house after hounds had lost around 1 P. M.

To one who has enjoyed very few fox hunts this was a wonderful day of hunting over a well-pannelled country and I only wish that all my attention did not have to be concentrated on how to escape the wire in which one unfortunate person got entwined and on where to jump to

Continued on Page Nineteen

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Middleburg

Continued from Page Eighteen

enable staying, if not with hounds, with Mr. Sands. I wish I had known the country well enough to have watched Robert work with the pack and watch them perform their almost miraculous task.—B. V. D.

Only some 6 people got the run, for the balance of the followers had tarried, to show their most courteous manners. One group stopped when Miss Cynthia Foy, hunting with her father, Byron Foy, became a lost-rider from her pony, who ducked the wrong way in a lane on landing and then got snarled up in wire, and the other waited and helped William C. Seipp, who got down and couldn't get up—his foot kept sliding out of his stirrup.

So for the sake of manners but these got the trip—the biggest run of the season to date . . . Miss Charlotte Noland, Mr. Sands, Edith Seyburn, Theresa Shook, Mrs. Duncan Read and Bobbie Virginia Davis. Hounds fairly flew for the 1st hour and it wasn't until after an hour that the hunt staff got up to see them, when they worked more slowly.

Monday, Nov. 24

After the big day of Saturday, it hardly seemed plausible that Middleburg Hounds would go right out on Monday and run the same fox for another breath-taking 1 hour and 20 minutes. The meet was at Philomont, and from 10 o'clock until 1 o'clock, but 2 grays provided several mild circles and intermittent sport. Mr. Sands was off to a school board meeting and Miss Noland had the

CAMDEN HUNT*

Camden,
South Carolina.
Established 1926.
Recognized 1929.



At a recent meeting of the Camden Hunt, (S. C.), J. North Fletcher, for many years an ardent booster of Camden as a winter training grounds for horse show horses, and a keen follower of Camden Hounds, was elected master. Mr. Fletcher succeeds Mrs. Dwight Partridge, master since 1926, and who has shared the joint-mastership of Camden since 1937 with Mrs. David R. Williams.

Although both Mrs. Partridge and Mrs. Williams have resigned as active joint-masters, they will still continue as members of the Camden committee.

Huntsman Jack Clyburn, stable manager for Mrs. Ward Belcher and Benjamin Belcher, has succeeded Huntsman Thomas, now with Sedgfield Hunt. Whipper-in Carl Lightfoot will continue his duties with the hunt.

An added influence to Camden Hunt, it is youth taking over, is the addition of Misses Wilhelmine Kirby and Peggy Wing and Mrs. Bruce Ryan to the hunt committee, which also includes Harry Kirkover, Granger Gaither and the Charles du Bose, Jr.

Camden Hounds will commence their season the day after Christmas. Mr. Fletcher will ship his stable on December 16.

Camden Hunt was established in 1926 and recognized in 1929. Drag and foxhunting is enjoyed, 2 days a week in December and January and 3 days a week in February and March.

field alone, with Crompton Smith assisting.

Hardly had Miss Charlotte called it a day and gone in, than hounds drew on to the Bowes farm and jumped the red of Saturday, not 20' from where they had put him to ground some 36 hours before. He made one circle to Mountsville, then went straight away to Steptoe Mountain, straight on the Loudoun Peach Orchard before he turned back, some 9 or 10 miles the way Huntsman Maddux rode. But few were remaining after the first 30 minutes.

It was fast as you could ride. Nancy Lee of this paper was with them part way, but as the pace told on her mount, dropped out, as did Mrs. Margaretta Rowland and Mr. Smith. So it was, when at the end of this buster Laura Sprague, the chief-checker-upper of Middleburg as the Hunt Secretary, was the lone survivor, on that cracking good one, Porthos, a The Porter son, and she was there alone to count hounds with Huntsman Maddux, as Whipper-in Nichols, riding Eleanor Keith's Merimouth had to pull up, and "it took a doctor to keep the horse alive that night". There were 28 of the 31 hounds at the den.

Hounds were a mile and a half in front all the way, Huntsman Bob said: "I only saw them once, they went away so fast there was no way in the world to stay with them . . . I said to Miss Sprague when we were all alone, about 2 miles before the end: 'Come on, Corn Dodger, is just ready to go' And he was too, I'd hit him about 3 times going to a fence and you ought to see him jump. Talk about a jumper that Porter horse of Miss Sprague's, he's the best. Mr. Smith? He was on an unfit one. Mrs. Bishop? She pulled up, winded, at Brown's Bridge."

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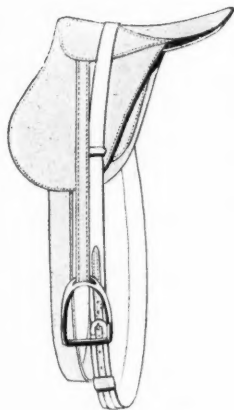
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In The Country:-



"She's Not Home"

Middleburg followers were hot in pursuit of hounds the other day. Many jumped into the yard of Mrs. Adelaide W. Massey, whose place is in the heart of Middleburg's good galloping country. Her colored maid ran out, all disturbed, saying: "No use in you all coming in, Mrs. Massey ain't home."

"Putting on Weight"

This department's mount to hounds is oft times **Big Charley**, winner of the Manassas Colored Steeplechase classic and the Middleburg Colored Grand National, when E. Grayson, Louis E. Duffy's head stable boy, was up as an owner-trainer-rider-rubber-winner. **Big Charley**, handsome big son of **Carlaris—Braca**, by **Bracadale**, (the late Noel Laing used to ride and race **Bracadale**) is sometimes at his jumps, like the mule the negro was trying to sell: "He ain't blind, he just don't give a damn". **Big Charley** was out in the cap-rock wall country of Piedmont recently, and an inquiry was made the following day as to his condition. E. Grayson, colored, replied: "He's putting on weight". Somewhat perplexed, for the long barreled **Big Charley** had been hunting hard, 'twas asked: "What do you mean", and got in turn: "He's putting on weight in his knees, Mr. Webb!"

Buy Defense Bonds

Mrs. Adelaide W. Massey is a refugee of France. Over there, she was a subscriber to *The Chronicle*. Now she is back in Middleburg, a driving influence of the Women's Motor Corps, of Loudoun and Fauquier counties. Back on November 2, 1940, *The Chronicle's* bookkeeping department mailed a subscription statement. Only last week it was returned. The envelope was turned over to Mrs. Arthur Gartrell, who as W. G. Gartrell wrote *The Town Crier* column for this paper when it was a local weekly, in the name of *The Middleburg Chronicle*. Mrs. Gartrell in one of her county-weekly columns wrote: "The envelope during its year's itinerary, had received several notations, among which are: the French equivalent of 'Service Suspended,' then 'Opened by Censor—180', on the reverse side the German word, 'Geoffnet' and an eagle, rampant, perched upon a swastika. And now comes the part of the story for which Uncle Sam may someday have to apologize! A soulless uncultured mail clerk had stamped plainly right upon the sacrosanct emblem of German beastliness and brutality: 'Buy Defense Savings Bonds and Stamps.'"

Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Garrett

Mrs. Amory Perkins, regular of Middleburg and Orange County Hunts and Mrs. George Garrett, regular of Orange County, made a hunting sortie on Vicemead Hunt and Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Hounds. *The Chronicle* is informed that both went brilliantly, hunting with both packs during their week's stay, returning last week, November 28. One of the days they were with Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Hounds. Mrs. Stewart took the field, in the absence of Mr. Stewart, convalescing from his recent fall. Word has it that he is recovering rapidly, dictating letters to his many friends who had sent expressions.

Fletcher Sales

J. North Fletcher, who has stabling facilities for 44 horses at his "Fletcher's Lot" stable in Camden, S. C., is soon to shift his string from his "Crestone Farms Stables", near Warrenton, Va. for the winter. Mr.

Fletcher recently sold Elli Leh a promising show prospect in a 2-year-old chestnut son of **Byrd—Julia**. This grandson of **Peter Pan** will go to Camden for development, where Miss Leh intends to winter and be on hand to show him through his Carolina campaigns.

Christmas' Dress Boot

B. F. Christmas recently acquired **Dress Boot**, 2-year-old son of **Boot to Boot**, who ran 4 times 2nd, 2 times 4th during the past season, was only twice out of the money. Mr. Christmas bought this youngster from J. North Fletcher, who had him in training with the well known Thomas Waller, of Warrenton. **Dress Boot** will go into winter quarters and be brought out in the spring on Maryland tracks.

In From The Country

The William C. Hunneman, Jr., have moved into town from Malvern, in the heart of the Radnor Hunt (Pa.) country, to Delancey Street in Philadelphia. Bill Hunneman, for many years chairman of the Radnor Hunt Races, is said to have given up his chairmanship and is giving his all for the American Red Cross these days. The Hunnemens, customarily, Aiken, S. C., winterers are not going to the land of the long leaf pine this season.

M. F. H. Steward

William Bell Watkins, M. F. H. of Blue Ridge Hounds, was appointed as steward to serve with Thomas C. Bradley, representing the W. Va. Racing Comm., and Col. John F. Wall, assn., steward, for the current Charles Town racing, which continues through December 20.

Lecture Schedule

Dr. D. B. Johnston-Wallace, head of the department of agronomy at Cornell University, in Ithaca, is a noted authority. He is speaking on the subject of pasture management, and grass at Ithaca, December 1; Cortland, December 3; Schenectady, December 4; Liberty, December 10; Rockland County, December 11; New York, December 12; Albany, December 16 and 17, and Ithaca, December 20. He is soon to make an analysis of the infield turf of the Saratoga 'chase course with a view of prescribing a grass growing program which will enable better going for 'chasers in 1942.

Leads Meeting—One Winner

William du Pont, Jr. led the recent Laurel Park meeting as a money winner, although his horses won but one race. His **Ficklebush** won the Seilima Stakes and \$24,600. His **nomme de course** is Foxcatcher Farm. Laurel Park distributed \$344,875 to horsemen in purse, for an average of \$13,395. In 1940 the average was \$12,473. W. L. Brann was next to Foxcatcher with \$22,200.

Kayak II to Stud

One of Charles S. Howard's racing great, **Kayak II**, an Argentine-bred, recently pulled up short in a work, and tendon trouble will force his retirement from the turf. To Mr. Howard's Ridgewood Ranch, near Willets, Calif., the son of **Congreve** will go to join **Seabiscuit** and others.

The Broker's Fox

Foxcatcher Hounds (Md.) have been giving followers lively sport, with meets very early in the morning that business men can get to their offices for a day's work. Frequently during the past month, hounds have started a fast roving red, who lives in the covert back of the kennels near the Fair Hill race course. He has invariably put in a fine big ground covering turn, airing himself through the country, before coming back towards home and ducking into a drain on the "National Cup" course. William du Pont, Jr., M. F. H., who is these days hunting **Fairy Hill** (winner of the Santa Anita Derby and \$50,000), told *The Chronicle* of this fox: "He's a broker's fox, gives you a good run quickly and brings you back home", that you hardly need to break a stride, from den, to club house, to shower and the office by 9.

Harold Harter Hurt

Harold Harter, popular manager

of the Brown Hotel in Louisville, and regular follower of Oldham County Hounds, (Ky) came a cropper on November 22, suffering a broken clavicle and 3 ribs. His horse stepped in a hole, one of those hardest of all falls. Taped tight, he is tending his duties and intends to be hunting again by New Year's Lowry Watkins, master of Oldham County, busted himself badly when he was rolled out by his mount in a fall at Camargo Hunter Trials. He is still sitting up in a hospital, bound about with a massive cast. Barbara Bullitt has been taking hounds; hounds ran a good 3 1/2 mile point the other day, when the fox was viewed 3 times. Oldham County has 26 hounds these days, some a draft from Essex Hunt, which are acquiring well Add to hunting casually list: Tommy Bullitt, brother of the acting-master Barbara Bullitt. A recent fall with Oldham County drove Tommy's glasses deep into his eye-brows, necessitating 5 stitches.

Emphasis In Proper Place

A far seeing business man who has retired to the country and is now running a country weekly in the Maryland hunting country evolved the excellent idea of each week running a picture on his cover page of a prominent subscriber. A recent one was that of Col. Warfield, and the story goes that the caption read, "Colonel Warfield, well known Maryland sportsman, a familiar figure throughout the state who is prominent in many fields of endeavor has staying with him over the week end his niece, the former Wallis Warfield, who was accompanied by her husband, the former King of England."

Russian Perplexity

A Virginia sportswoman told a good story the other day about Friend Stalin who was questioning one of our American ambassadors of cooperation just now returned who told her of Joe Stalin's perplexity in regard to Mr. Lewis. After ascertaining and finding out that Mr. Roosevelt was actually the chief executive, that he had control of Congress, that he had the country behind him, and that he had the ability to appoint whom he chooses to various positions old Joe shook his head and asked, "But, why doesn't he shoot John Lewis?"

Bill Seipp's Smasher

With Middleburg Hounds last Monday, William Seipp was enjoying this driving line as hounds ran. Down through the bottom, by the old polo field on Goose Creek, his mare stepped into a hole, clear up to her fore-arm she went and turned over 3 times. She rolled out her rider and knocked out herself. Bill was brought home, with many friends and followers, lending coats and side-saddle skirts to ease him in his ride in the back of a dump-truck. Mrs. Seipp, hard working Red Cross bandage maker at the Health Center in Middleburg, arrived home to find Bill in bed, but obviously suffering from concussion. Norris Roystoned to Washington, X-Rays disclosed a bad collar-bone fracture, but no ribs, which were at first feared. Bill's eyes are clearing and as soon as they can set his clavicle, he will be home in the country.

Mrs. Grinnell

Mrs. Elizabeth Grinnell is back in New York. Many are they who are delighted to find her about the city these days, and were pleased to find her at the National Horse Show again. She had missed a National last year, the first in many years. Her sebatical from the mill of New York publication life, in the land of the pines of Asheville, N. C., was just what the doctor ordered. Mrs. Grinnell represented this sheet as Associate Editor.

Quarter Horse Racing

E. J. Husted, formerly of Philadelphia country, when he was racing **Rosarium**, giant-ill-fated 'chaser and **Ronquin**, is an Arizonian, for the winter at least. He writes: "Quarter horse racing started out here on Sunday, November 23. They have 8 races a day, and as the winners generally race together at the end of the regular races that means there are always about 10 or 11 races. I do not suppose there is any use in telling you these horses run in 23 seconds, from standing start from a

chute. No easterner will believe this, but if your horse cannot beat 23 seconds, with a minimum of 130 pounds, there is no use entering. It is a 1/4-mile straightway. They also run what is known as roping horses with a minimum of 160 pounds, up, and these horses also have to get around 23 seconds to be worth entering Phoenix has regular racing, flat, for about 2 months, but the horses are very cheap, 1/2-mile track and \$300 to \$500 purses. There are lots of easterners around us; Westbrook Pegler, Chew from Philadelphia; Rascob from Maryland; Bradley from Kentucky; Biddle from Philadelphia. People generally own not more than half and the rest is in the government land on long leases. Ranches are measured by the hundred sections, (a section is a square mile.)"

Rigan To Show

Rigan McKinney, who hung up his tack 2 years ago from the gentleman-riding steeplechase game, came to Middleburg the other day and purchased **Golden Birch**, 2-year-old, by the Maryland sire **Aethelstan II—White Glade**. Rigan bought his colt to develop this winter in Maryland and bring out at the shows next season.

Bock's The Grey Mare

The Grey Mare, this was her name when she went for at least 3 lovely seasons for her former owner, Mrs. Robert Gibb, (nee Betty Willett, erstwhile Mrs. E. Kenneth Jenkins). **The Grey Mare** went easily over Warrenton, Old Dominion, Piedmont and Casanova Hunts for Mrs. Gibb. This past fall J. North Fletcher has found real pleasure in sending out the loveliest ladies of Warrenton on **The Grey Mare**, including Jane Wilbur and others . . . Mr. Bock, who has recently moved into the Keswick country, where he will go with Keswick Hounds, of which Miss Jamie Terrill and W. Haggin Perry are joint-masters, bought this good working hunter from Mr. Fletcher last week . . . The Robert "Babe" Gibbs are out in Michigan these days, where he's busy with defense production.

Rainbow's Christmas Present

Rainbow, the 70-year-old factum of Sidney Scheuer's Twin Lakes Stud at Goldens Bridge, N. Y., is to have a real Christmas present this year to celebrate his 15 years with this enthusiastic breeder and follower of the Goldens Bridge Hounds. A house is being built on Twin Lakes Stud for Rainbow so that he will not have to commute back and forth from Katonah to mother his two especial charges, the 2 good hunter sires, **Demonstration** and **Bimbo III**, a son of **Biribi** whose progeny have been winning a number of ribbons in New York shows this year. So sage is Rainbow that Goldens Bridge horsemen consider Mr. Scheuer somewhat of a public benefactor in keeping the old Englishman ensconced in the Goldens Bridge country where he parcels out advice on care and treatment of everything from splints to broken joints. He has the three Scheuer boys, ages 10, 13 and 18 all going strong in the hunting field where they are making their daddy consider the purchase of a brand new acquisition to keep up with them.

Where Racing Money Goes

Dave Egan recently released some interesting statistics on Rockingham Park's 1941 racing—66 days in all, summer and fall. All New Hampshire records fell; a total of \$19,254,484 was the mutual handle. The State of New Hampshire received \$1,004,803.39. Various charities \$30,000. Purse for horsemen totaled \$506,380. Advertising and printing cost \$35,000. Payrolls, detectives \$900,000. Rental equipment, electric starting gate, tote board and camera \$83,000. Insurance, legal advice, office costs \$50,000. Electricity, water, maintenance \$75,000. Taxes to the town of Salem, payroll taxes, etc., \$40,000. Expenses in connection with actual racing \$28,000. Total: \$1,211,000. Then the government takes 60-65% of any net profits. And so Egan concludes: "The life of the racing promoter (Lou Smith) is not all beer and skittles, for the income tax people show a morbid interest in what's left."

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